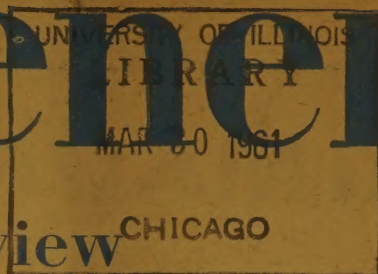


The Listener

and
B.B.C. Television Review



Vol. LXV. No. 1667.

THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1961

15c



SPRING BOOK NUMBER

Reviews by G. R. Elton, Richard Hoggart, Sir William Holford,
Graham Hough, Roy Jenkins, Elizabeth Jennings, Ian Nairn, Sir Herbert Read,
Henry Reed, Norman St. John-Stevas, Elizabeth Wiskemann, and others

ask for
du MAURIER
 in the
 famous red box
 and you will get
 the finest
 filter tip cigarettes



Twenty Exceptional Virginia Cigarettes
 for 4/1

*My
 Bank?..*

THE
MIDLAND
 OF COURSE!



When a man feels he needs a bank, the bank he chooses is, so often, the Midland. Why? Because he sees the Midland Bank as the go-ahead bank. Look at the record. The first bank to bring you Gift Cheques, to announce Personal Loans and the only bank to provide Personal Cheque accounts. First also with term loans for farmers and for small businesses. This has shown to thousands of people that the Midland is for them—and it is for you too, and for everyone else who would find a bank account useful. There is a whole range of Midland Bank services available and they can all make your life easier. If you would like to know more, call in at your local branch. Our staff there will be happy to help you.

Midland Bank



THE GO-AHEAD BANK
 FOR GO-AHEAD PEOPLE

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED · HEAD OFFICE: POULTRY · LONDON · E.C.2
 2,000 BRANCHES IN ENGLAND AND WALES

The Listener

Vol. LXV. No. 1667

Thursday March 9 1961

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

CONTENTS

EDUCATION:	RELIGION:
Forcing the Young into the Past (John Hale) ... 415	Religion and Mystery—II (H. D. Lewis) ... 434
CURRENT AFFAIRS:	POEMS:
Communism and the Intellectuals (John Gray) ... 417	Madonna: with Landscape (G. Rostrevor Hamilton) ... 435
Towards Negotiations on Algeria? (Thomas Cadett) ... 419	Mistletoe in Bloom (C. Henry Warren) ... 435
THE LISTENER:	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:
The Past at School ... 420	From Richard A. Bray, D. B. Connell, Professor A. H. M.
What They Are Saying (Stanley Mayes) ... 420	Jones, Reynier Banham, J. P. Powell, Robert H. Meysmans,
DID YOU HEAR THAT?	Sir Sydney Cockerell, D. G. Tahta, P. H. Newby, and
Do We Need a Decimal Coinage? (Maurice Kendall) ... 421	Geoffrey Gorer ... 437
Royal Railway Carriages (John Betjeman) ... 421	B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ... 440
The Desire to Please (W. R. Rodgers) ... 422	CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:
Founder of Anthroposophy (David Stone) ... 422	Television Documentary (Peter Pound) ... 460
BIOGRAPHY:	Television Drama (Anthony Cookman, Jnr.) ... 461
Alfred North Whitehead (Karl Britton) ... 423	Sound Drama (Frederick Laws) ... 461
ART:	The Spoken Word (Joanna Richardson) ... 462
The Visual Arts of the Greeks (Martin Robertson and	Music (Rollo H. Myers) ... 462
Michael Ayton) ... 425	MUSIC:
LITERATURE:	Schönberg, Nietzsche, and Debussy (Edward Lockspeiser) 463
New Movements in French Literature (Nathalie Sarraute) 428	BRIDGE (Harold Franklin and Terence Reese) ... 464
ASTRONOMY:	NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS ... 464
The Evolution of the Universe (Patrick Moore) ... 430	ABOUT THE HOUSE ... 466
THE THEATRE:	CROSSWORD NO. 1,606 ... 466
The Lost Tradition in the Theatre (Ian Rodger) ... 432	
Spring Books ... 443	

Reviews by Richard Hoggart, Sir William Holford, G. R. Elton, Norman St. John-Stevass, Henry Reed, Douglas Cleverdon, William Plomer, P. N. Furbank, Elizabeth Wiskemann, Elizabeth Jennings, Roy Jenkins, Alec Robertson, Michael Futrell, Ian Nairn, Sir Herbert Read, and Graham Hough

Forcing the Young into the Past

JOHN HALE considers a defect in modern British education

THE early months of the year are a worrying time for schoolmasters and parents. Interviews for university entrance are going on, and if they hold their breaths and listen they can hear—or imagine they can—a distant mutter of voices: a question, an answer, an appalled silence, the rustle of papers, a closing door. But it is worrying for the interviewers, too. What is this next batch of undergraduates going to be like? We can take it for granted that they will have been trained to analyse and discriminate; but are their minds alert, still open to new ideas? One of the boys we have chosen may have nothing more to offer society than a new slogan for soap, another may find himself dealing with problems of international peace.

Whether it is detergent or deterrent for which they are bound, it matters enormously that they should be engaged wholeheartedly in their own times. Their generation will have more leisure than earlier generations had: have they been brought up to enjoy themselves creatively; to be alive to what is going on about them in literature and the arts; to understand what contemporary writers, painters, and composers are trying to do? On the other hand, they will be faced with a highly complex and dangerous world situation. Have they been brought up to understand contemporary social and political issues and feel committed to go on understanding them? These boys are plunged into the present—their present. Are they 'with it'? Or has their upbringing taught them to take the present rather less seriously than the past?

After taking part in a recent series of these interviews, I feel

that in too many cases the answer to this last question is 'Yes'. All too frequently, parents and teachers simply fail to keep up with the times. For instance, they pass on the cultural enthusiasms of their own youth and imply that these were the last things worth appreciating. So, in literature and the arts, the taste of schoolboys is frequently thirty years out of date, and, worse, they have been given the impression that there is not much point in taking contemporary culture seriously. These interviews also suggest that while boys may be coached to be fairly knowledgeable about current events, they get the impression that these need not be studied as seriously as events in the past. The study of world affairs may, indeed, be confined to the debating society, and be discussed there at the level of 'In the opinion of this House it is a pity that Columbus discovered America'. In both cases—the arts and world affairs—the same sad excuse for indifference is given: that time has not yet permitted a certain judgment—that the matter cannot yet be seen in perspective. In perspective! Nine times out of ten when a parent or teacher says 'we must wait till that book, that issue, can be seen in perspective' he means 'I lack the interest and the intellectual vitality to make up my own mind; let's wait till the decisions have been made by a couple of generations of other people'.

So the schoolboy may get the impression that nothing can be the object of serious study until it is old. I am not saying that young people lack initiative; that they do not design rockets or hitch-hike to Kurdistan; I do say that too many of the intellectual

signposts provided by their seniors point backwards, away from present conditions.

During his interview one boy said he was interested in recent music. I asked what composer attracted him most. He said: 'Well, I'm very interested in the music of Elgar; at least he doesn't go in for this tuneless stuff'. Another, talking about painting, referred to the 'horrors of contemporary art'. I would not mind this sort of comment if it were based on knowledge or on a genuine attempt to understand. A name from the past, on the other hand, even if not much is known about what its owner did, is treated with automatic respect. The boy who dismisses Jackson Pollock with a snap judgment would not dream of being so cavalier towards Gauguin or Turner, revolutionary though each was in his own time. The boy who writes of Mr. Khrushchev as a two-dimensional clown, probably takes Richelieu much more seriously—though even Richelieu may seem to lack the living, three-dimensional character of Julius Caesar. Is it not depressing—alarming—that so much of the intellectual relish of youth is diverted downhill, towards the past, which, after all, can never be one penny the better for it?

Burying their Heads in Our Sand

The situation is not hard to explain. Emotionally, we infect the young with our own nostalgias. And how many we have. For *alma mater*, for school, for childhood, for the stage-coach world of Dickens, the uninhibited England of the other Elizabeth. To each new challenge our response seems to be a glance backward: further and further backward. We are faced by war, cold war, threat of final war: and we turn successively to history—to archaeology—to prehistory. It would not take a very fanciful writer of science fiction to show us a civilization that had given up trying to understand itself, and as it sheltered from the radioactive mists, listened to recordings of the grunts and splashes of the primeval swamp. Are our children to become the victims of our nostalgias? It would be sad if we were to bury their heads in our sand.

Then intellectually it is claimed (rightly) by the schools that their prime function is to train the mind, to give it powers of application and judgment. It is also claimed (and this I question) that the mind can be trained properly only by a study of things that are remote from the present, that can be studied as a whole—in perspective. This means that Napoleon is a better object of study than Hitler, Tennyson than Eliot; that Latin, with a fixed meaning for every word, provides a better intellectual training than German or Chinese, where word-values may still be changing. It is claimed, in fact, that it is more educational to study fossils than living tissue. It is easier, of course, to say exact, precise things about the dead than about the living; and the process is obviously a valuable one. But does it have an exclusive value? Is a boy's mind really better trained by making him compare conflicting evidence about the status of the gentry in seventeenth-century England, for instance, than conflicting sources of information about post-war Russia? Is the judgment matured more notably by comparing the words with the deeds of Frederick the Great than those of, say, President Eisenhower? Besides, there are very few cultural or historical situations that are inert, corpses patiently awaiting dissection. The discovery of new evidence, changing tastes in interpretation—the past may be dead, but it is very difficult to make it lie down.

A Disingenuous Suggestion

The suggestion that a study of the past has 'certainty' and thus is necessarily different in kind from a study of the present is a thoroughly disingenuous one; and the study of history itself can suffer from too much emphasis on the past. If history is to be more than a parade of quaint phantoms moving about in airless concepts, it must be studied with one eye open to the relevance of the modern world. To study the career of a modern politician, the working of a government department, or some aspect of urban sociology—perhaps reactions to the adding of fluoride to a drinking supply—all this helps us to understand the past.

One of the distressing aspects of these interviews is that one can see how boy after boy has been bluffed out of the present by being given the impression that he can learn more about

human nature from a study of the past than from a study of people and their problems in the world today. And while a study of the present helps an understanding of the past, the process does not always work so well in reverse. Many young historians, trained in trim certainties, may shrink from the confusion of the contemporary scene. Similarly, the boy who studies only the literature of the past may develop an intellectual fastidiousness that makes him shut his ears to the present, clamouring for a hearing in so many idioms. The past has been tried and sentenced by others, and too exclusive a study of it can lead to an emasculation of judgment, and this in a world where it is just as important to decide about good and bad, right and wrong, as about true and false. It produces teachers whose reading is limited to nineteenth-century classics on the one hand, and detective stories on the other; whose preoccupation with the early Tudors leaves them no energy to read about South Africa.

'But come', I shall be told, 'you can't understand the present without knowing about the past'. True up to a point. But how far back does one have to go? I asked a boy, who said that history helped one to understand the modern world, how far back one should go to understand the role of parliament during the Suez crisis. After a moment's hesitation, his answer was '1529'. This is perspective with a vengeance. And behind this answer one sees the teacher's reluctance to look round, or forward; his preference for the shining rails leading familiarly back into the past to the unbroken land of his own times. In saying this, I am not questioning the importance or the fascination of a study of the past—as a historian I could hardly afford to. But I believe that at least a third of the time spent at school in acquiring information about the past should be given up to nourishing a critical understanding of the present. The present depends on the past, but it should not be sacrificed to it.

Contemporary Matters Left for Spare Time

The schools, far too many of them, do not educate their pupils to enjoy and make sense of the present but to answer questions in examination papers about the past. As a boy moves up the school towards one of those wonderful, terrifying sixth forms of Old England, contemporary matters tend to be left to a rapidly shrinking spare time—a spare time for which there is little intellectual energy left over, so that leisure becomes identified with uncritical enjoyment: *all* pop music, *all* western films or biblical epics. The sixth form makes every effort to make the schoolboy into the perfect first-year undergraduate; so when he does arrive at a university his mind is already in uniform—and this at a time when it should be at its most supple, most hospitable to new impressions.

I have just come back from teaching in an American university. What a joy it was to teach minds without these sixth form blinkers! These men and women had less specialized knowledge than their English counterparts, it is true, but while this comes easily when it is sought voluntarily, how difficult it is to prise open a closed mind! What can be done, then, to induce a sound scholarly discipline, on the English model, and yet keep the mind alert and receptive to what is going on round it—to destroy the snobbishness that looks on a study of the present or the recent past as academically unsound? Universities and national examinations can make it clear that what is being looked for is intellectual vigour—potential—rather than premature attainment in some specialization; school syllabuses can respond, textbooks—guides to the labyrinths of politics and the arts—can be specially written—even though they go quickly out of date. But the responsibility will always rest primarily with parents and teachers. They cannot be expected to keep up with all the arts and world affairs, but they should at least keep open minds: they should not expect the set of standards which they inherited to explain all art or all human behaviour. They should, above all, never suggest that the best is over, that criticism or learning can relax when it turns to the present, that there is a gap between learning and living. It is they who decide whether children grow up free to deal eagerly with the new or are conditioned to devote most of their serious attention to the old. If children grow up scornful of contemporary culture, I am sorry for them. If they grow up without a vital interest in contemporary affairs, I am sorry for us all.

—Home Service

Thinking about China

Communism and the Intellectuals

By JOHN GRAY

MOST of China's liberal intellectuals stayed in China when the Communists came to power. Some did so because they could not leave, but a large number, among them many of the most prominent, stayed by choice. Almost all China's scientists remained, and almost all her imaginative writers; but even among those whose interests touched politics, such as sociologists, economists, historians, and political scientists, at least a substantial majority accepted the Communist victory and prepared—with what fears and reservations we can only guess—to support the new regime.

This willingness of so many of China's best minds to accept Communist rule, and their attitudes since 1949, can only be understood against the background of the experience of the Chinese intellectuals in the thirty years before 1949. The Confucian Empire was totalitarian both in the sense that there was no aspect of life, moral, intellectual, or economic, immune from state interference, and in the sense that no group had rights against the state. The state ruled through a bureaucracy whose training was essentially an ideological training and whose power was partly maintained by deliberate rejection of the idea of the rule of law. The analogies with Communism are obvious, and may have contributed to the fact that Chinese intellectual life since the nineteen-twenties has been strongly influenced by Marxist ideas. Although only a mere handful of intellectuals were Communists, some form of economic determinism played a considerable part in the thinking of most of the others, and had more or less seriously modified the Western liberalism which provided the mainstream of modern Chinese intellectual life.

More important than tradition, however, is the fact that the most obvious features of Chinese society seemed more easily explicable in Marxist than in any other terms. The biggest obstacle to the transformation of Chinese agriculture and rural life was a class of wholly parasitic landlords. The most convenient explanation of industrial backwardness could be found in the privileges enjoyed in China by foreign business interests under the terms of the so-called Unequal Treaties. These two ideas provided the unquestioned premisses of Chinese political argument and were as influential on the right as on the left.

Ch'en Tu-hsiu, a liberal professor in Peking University who became the first chairman of the Chinese Communist Party, and who was a principal figure in the controversy of the early nineteen-twenties on the relative merits of Marxism and pragmatism, was, ironically, made a Communist by a phrase of John Dewey: 'Facts have the power to make laws; laws do not have the power to make facts'. Chinese intellectuals were to find more and more practical proof of this idea as the reforms of the nationalists were

forcibly destroyed by local conservatives who held the law in contempt. What China needed was not parliamentary institutions but a government which could irresistibly enforce its will.

In fact the state of the Nationalist Party and Government from the middle of the second world war onwards convinced China's liberals that they could expect from General Chiang Kai-shek neither democracy nor a reforming dictatorship. The nationalists increasingly came to represent the most medieval elements in Chinese society and they sought to check the decline in their authority by action against the liberal intellectuals which was more repressive if not as efficient as anything the Communists have done since 1949. That repression culminated in the murder of the liberal writers Li Kung-po and Wen I-to in 1946, and continued in indiscriminate purges in the universities.

Inflation and corruption finished what repression had begun, with the result that the Communists came to power with the acquiescence of the Chinese middle classes. To the intellectuals they not only offered better conditions of life and work but also seemed to provide a chance to share in the reconstruction of China which the Kuomintang had failed to provide. And so many men of liberal sympathies, including some outspokenly hostile to Marxist ideas, remained in China by a conscious choice based on their own political principles; and they have since sought to maintain those principles within the framework of the Communist revolution.

For their part the Communists welcomed the support of the intellectuals and of the liberal and social democratic parties which some of them led. They did so for a combination of reasons. The intellectuals and their political parties were accepted as an important part of the united front and of the coalition government which expressed it. Indeed, even if there had been no coalition the Communists were well aware that they would still have had to seek the support of the intellectuals because of the immense prestige traditionally enjoyed by the educated classes in China. In any case, they were indispensable to the new regime as individual experts. Finally, the close contacts between some of the minor parties and the Chinese business classes gave these parties and their leaders an additional usefulness as a means of liaison between the Communist Party and commerce and industry.

The attitudes of both sides in this alliance were ambiguous. The intellectuals were willing to accept land reform and co-operation in Chinese agriculture and a crash programme of industrialization led by the state because these policies were common, at least in theory, to all Chinese political parties—including even the right-wing Kuomintang. They were less willing, however, to accept the permanent possession of political power by a single



Young artists decorating the walls of a peasant's house in a Chinese commune. These artists travel in teams to paint in frescoes the economic achievements of the regions

Henri Cartier-Bresson

party and the loss of freedom which this would entail. They hoped to be allowed to act as a sort of loyal opposition and so to mitigate the worse rigours of a totalitarian system—in the hope, perhaps, of eventually persuading the Communist Party that the sharing of power with other groups, and at least limited freedom of opposition, would be to their own advantage. On their side the attitude of the Communists has been more ambiguous in practice than in theory. They have varied between acceptance of the intellectuals as a loyal opposition and a conviction that they were so politically tainted that they could not be trusted even with the most technical and non-political responsibilities.

Representation for Minority Groups

Immediately after the Communist take-over, coalition government with all its implications of intellectual support for, and participation in, the revolution appeared to be a reality. Several members of the minority parties were given cabinet posts, and these and other groups, such as writers and university teachers, were given representation in the Chinese People's Political Consultative Conference, a provisional national parliament which was to be replaced in 1954 by the formally elected National People's Congress. The editorship of the liberal newspapers was not changed. Prominent non-Marxists were given the highest posts in some of the universities. Among those known in the West, the economist Ma Yin-Ch'ü became President of Peking University. Fei Hsiao-t'ung, the London-trained anthropologist, was made head of the new Minority Nationalities University. The liberal political scientist Ch'ien Tuan-sheng was made the head of the new College of Political Science and Law. In return, the intellectuals pledged loyalty to the new leaders of China and, in varying degrees, to Marxism, and flocked to special study groups to acquaint themselves thoroughly with the ideology and policies of the new government. In this honeymoon period it is unlikely that public statements by intellectuals were made under pressure.

A change came in 1951. The Korean war provided both incentive and opportunity for the Communists to begin the destruction of all groups which might provide the focus and leadership for opposition. In the three-anti and five-anti campaigns, China's business classes were crushed, and in the same period the campaign against counter-revolutionaries, the most violent and ruthless campaign since the early thirties, eliminated the possibility of successful resistance to the redistribution of the land. These movements were accompanied by a campaign for 'ideological remoulding', in which intellectuals and others confessed to errors of thought arising from their social origins (which were usually upper-class) or from experience abroad. In the universities, for example, the sins for which confession was expected included: snobbishness towards workers and peasants, ignoring politics on the plea of being a specialist, teaching irrelevant to China's practical needs, careerism, resistance to Communist reform of the universities, failure to persuade students to undertake political study, the formation of scholarly cliques, and pro-Americanism (many of China's main intellectuals had been trained in the United States or in American universities in China).

Ideological Remoulding

The aim of this campaign was not merely to use the intellectuals and their confessions as a means of propaganda, nor even only to force them to public acceptance of their ideological inferiority. There is no doubt that the Communist Party hoped and expected the confessions to be sincere, to represent a real change of view, a sort of religious conversion, secured in theory by persuasion but in fact often by inducing a mixture of fear, guilt, and a sense of isolation. The 'ideological remoulding' campaign, distressing as it is to Western observers, must be seen in its context. The Communist Party regarded the intellectuals, temporarily at least, as fellow revolutionaries, and in attempting by persuasion to win them to enthusiastic and unreserved support in the revolution they did them the honour of classifying them with the labouring masses. At this time the collectivization of Chinese agriculture was secured with a minimum need for force by the patient persuasion of individuals, until the enthusiastic support of the majority was secured. The success of this technique with the

peasants depended on shielding them from hearing about alternative policies; but the intellectuals already knew the alternatives, and so the technique largely failed with them.

Yet the same pressures continued to be used until 1955. At the very end of that year the Party's policy began to change. As industrialization went on rapidly and as the state assumed responsibility for the whole economy of China, the lack of educated men became an ever more pressing problem. The Party's manifest failure to give the intellectuals any real opportunity to participate began to have serious practical consequences. In February 1956, therefore, Mr. Chou En-lai initiated a new policy at a meeting of the Chinese People's Political Consultative Conference. He called for more support and better conditions for the intellectuals, and less suspicion of them. In the following May, Mr. Mao made his 'Hundred Flowers' speech in which he declared that ideological differences could not be expected to disappear quickly, that they might even be expected to recur in the new student generation, and that they could be resolved only by free discussion. The Communists admitted that rigid doctrine was leading to intellectual sterility, and that academic life was stagnating for lack of free discussion and independent thinking. The success of socialization in the preceding six years made a measure of relaxation politically possible. To some extent the new policy may have reflected changes in Russia after Mr. Khrushchev's attack on Stalin at the twentieth Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union.

Short-lived Freedom To Criticize

The theory itself was put forward in a speech on the events in Eastern Europe to the Supreme State Conference in February 1957 but not made public until May. Its publication was accompanied by an invitation to the citizens of China to criticize the Communist Party's conduct of the revolution. With the events in Poland and Hungary now known in China, this second invitation to free discussion, unlike the first, was given an overwhelming response. The opportunity to criticize lasted for exactly one month. By then it was clear to the Communist Party that some of China's most prominent intellectuals, with considerable support, at least among students, refused to accept the premiss on which discussion was to have been based, namely that the new Chinese political system was a good system but liable to certain faults. Instead the leading critics condemned the system itself and declared that the root of current evils was the Communist Party's monopoly of political power. They were promptly accused of rightism and their supporters in the Party itself of revisionism, and were sent to the country to labour among the peasants and to see the revolution at first hand.

It is widely believed in the West that the whole 'Hundred Flowers' movement was simply a stratagem for flushing out heretics, and some Communists certainly used this unattractive rationalization after the event. Yet in my view this explanation is untenable. For one thing, the movement grew out of an admitted practical need for more freedom of expression. For another thing, it is impossible to suppose that the theory of contradictions among the people—probably the most significant addition to Marxist doctrine since the death of Lenin—was produced merely to justify a very brief and very mild purge. The alternative explanation, that Mr. Mao Tse-tung's request for criticism was sincere, is much more plausible. It would be consistent with the whole of his political philosophy, which has always clearly reflected his belief that bureaucracy and not reaction is the enemy from which Communism has most to fear, at least in China. In this context the 'Hundred Flowers' movement can be regarded as one of a series of attempts to keep open the channels of communication between Party and people which Mr. Mao has been making since 1942. The reaction in which it ended is more than adequately accounted for by the fact that the criticisms were unexpectedly radical, that the critics clearly had Hungary in mind, that they showed that they had forgotten none of their western bourgeois prejudices, and, finally, that the revisionism which they represented had become—as a result of events in Eastern Europe—a threat to the unity of the Communist bloc, on the solidarity of which China feels that her safety depends. The only surprising thing about that reaction was its mildness; a year later, most of the principal victims were at liberty and had been

restored to some, though not all, of their positions. Indeed in theory the 'Hundred Flowers' still bloom. The emphasis, however, is no longer on the recognition of 'long-term coexistence' between the Party and non-communist intellectuals but on discussion as the best means to secure unanimity under the formula 'unity—criticism—unity'.

From this one may conclude that the Chinese intellectuals have been disappointed in the hope that they would be able to play an independent part in the revolution. They have only occasionally and partially been accepted as a loyal opposition. For the most part they have had to work on sufferance and under suspicion, and have been emphatically made to feel that they are only a necessary and temporary evil in Chinese society. Yet it may also be concluded that in spite of all provocation most of the intellectuals have retained the loyalties which inspired them in 1949—to the Chinese nation, to moderate socialism, and to government by consent and the rule of law, and at the same time to the Communist Government as China's only hope of progress.

The question which remains is the extent to which they have been able to influence the direction that Chinese development has taken in the last decade. It is a question which has been completely neglected and which could be answered conclusively only after considerable research. However, there are signs that the liberal intellectuals have not been entirely without influence. For example, the acceptance of birth control as at least a second line of defence against over-population represents a compromise between the Party and the Western-trained academic economists. The new formula for literature which replaces socialist realism by 'revolutionary realism combined with revolutionary romanticism' and which condemns 'crude sociology' as a standard of literary judgment, represents a small victory for the writers. The emphasis

on the development of local industry from 1958 onwards may have owed something to the vigorous criticism made of the government's previous policies in this respect by Fei-Hsiao-t'ung.

What is even more important, and as little understood, is the possible relation between the criticisms of the 'Hundred Flowers' campaign and the creation of the communes. One followed hard on the other, and one may have been the answer to the other. The motives for the creation of the rural communes were partly technological and economic but in their political aspect, involving for a Communist state a most remarkable and courageous degree of decentralization, they may have been an attempt to get rid of the evils of the bureaucracy which was the main target of criticism—not in the way proposed by the critics, that is the relinquishment by the Communists of their monopoly of power, but by short-circuiting the bureaucracy and putting affairs in the hands of the local communities and their elected leaders, under the supervision of local Communist Party members.

I want to stress that this analysis, and its conclusions, are wholly tentative. Very little thorough research has been attempted on the subject, and one can give only impressions—at least partly subjective—rather than facts. The Chinese revolution is so complex, and in many respects so novel, that we must approach it with an open mind and with a certain humility, and we must not expect to understand this or any other aspect of it unless we are prepared to provide for twenty times the amount of research on it which is at present being carried on in this country. We must at least avoid falling into the assumption that all criticisms of Communist policies made by Chinese liberals are automatically correct. We must remember that it is the Communists and not the liberal intellectuals who have been responsible for the success and the verve of the revolution.—*Third Programme*

Towards Negotiations on Algeria?

By THOMAS CADETT, B.B.C. Paris correspondent

HABIB BOURGUIBA has won a battle; he has not yet won peace'. Such was the headline given by the Parisian newspaper *Le Monde* to a dispatch from its special correspondent in Rabat. It was in Rabat, after the funeral of the King of Morocco, that the Tunisian President, Habib Bourguiba, reported to the Algerian rebel leader, Ferhat Abbas, on the talks he had at Rambouillet with President de Gaulle at the beginning of last week. That headline strikes a justifiable note of caution. For even if the Tunisian President's claim is justified that the talks at Rambouillet represented a big step forward, and even if his prediction that there would be something new on Algeria in a matter of days should turn out to be true, the fact remains that agreement between President de Gaulle and the rebels will only be reached, if it is reached at all, after stern and probably lengthy bargaining.

One has only to look at their respective points of departure to realize that. First the attitude of General de Gaulle. He has gone on record more than once with three main conditions or principles: one, he will not negotiate before a cease-fire has been arranged, or, as he put it, 'knives are left in the cloakroom'; two, after the cease-fire, Algeria must be given four years in which to settle down before the referendum on self-determination is held; and, if the verdict is for complete separation from France, there will be some form of partition for the benefit of those Frenchmen and Muslims who wish to retain their association with France; and, finally, during the waiting period there should be consultation of all trends of opinion in Algeria for the formation of a provisional government.

As for the rebel leaders, they have been saying recently that they have no preliminary conditions to impose, and that their frame of mind is: 'Let's get together, if you're really serious about it, and try to hammer things out'. But they certainly have a condition in one sense; namely, that they have repeatedly insisted that in no circumstances will they negotiate for a cease-

fire unless there are talks at the same time to secure guarantees that the vote of self-determination will be a fair one and not engineered by the French Army. And, taking up General de Gaulle's image, they say: 'We are not going to leave our knives in the cloakroom and then risk finding that they've gone, should negotiations break down. It is those very knives which have brought France to the point of treating with us'.

In the last few days there have been semi-official hints in Paris that President de Gaulle's cease-fire condition has been quietly dropped, and it is true that after last week's Cabinet meeting, with the President in the chair, there was no mention of this in the communiqué, which restated his readiness to discuss the conditions of self-determination with all sections of Algerian opinion, and notably the rebel National Liberation Front (F.L.N.).

As against that, other sources have hinted that the condition has not been dropped. But presumably secret negotiations would in any case allow the cease-fire issue to be side-stepped. As for the four-year delay on the referendum, the kind of negotiations that the rebels have in mind would either knock a referendum clean out of the picture or turn it into the mere ratification of accomplished fact; and, in a provisional government, if one were formed, the F.L.N. would inevitably be strongly represented, for General de Gaulle has no illusions about the hold that the organization has gained on the Algerian people.

And what about the Sahara? The Algerians claim ownership, while the French are still busy developing the oilfields there and, naturally, want to hold on to them. Therefore, though cautious optimism is justified, there is no doubt that negotiations will not be easy. Hitherto both sides have been so firm in their attitude over the chief issues that there will have to be some very big concessions indeed, with as much skill as possible employed in disguising those concessions. For, to the oriental, not to lose face is one of the great considerations, while, from that aspect, General de Gaulle has in the past shown strong oriental tendencies.

—*'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)*

The Listener

© BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION, LONDON, ENGLAND, 1961

The yearly subscription rate to THE LISTENER, U.S. and Canadian edition is \$7.50, including postage; special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., Eastern News Distributors, Inc., New York 14, N.Y. All communications (including letters for publication and poems which may be submitted accompanied by stamped addressed envelope) should be sent to the Editor at 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England.

The Past at School

AMONG school-teachers the reactions to a stimulating talk on education by Mr. John Hale which we print today are likely to be sharply divided. 'I believe', says Mr. Hale, 'that at least a third of the time spent at school in acquiring information about the past should be given up to nourishing a critical understanding of the present'. Many will undoubtedly agree with this view, and even hope that the talk heralds an extension of the whole syllabus of what they teach into the whirlpool of contemporary trends in politics and the arts. Teachers of literature know how much some of their pupils would jump at a chance of moving forward to include learning about C. P. Snow or Robert Graves rather than backward to unravelling the obscurities of Lyly or Thomas Kyd. And some historians might prefer to lecture from a modern map of Europe, showing Germany and France, the Netherlands, Belgium, and Luxembourg as we know them today, instead of trying to explain Franche-Comté or the Kingdom of Burgundy—or worse a Europe divided by frontiers that are now altogether unfamiliar, as it was after the death of Charlemagne. Certainly those responsible for classes in art would welcome the fresh air of a visit to the latest exhibition as an alternative to the endless albums of postcards and having to tell their pupils that they *must* go to Vézelay or Castel-franco, knowing that so few of them ever will.

But many other teachers will be frightened at the possibility of any shift of emphasis away from the canon of accepted tradition to the byways of controversy. For some there is already so much for their pupils to discover about the art and literature of the past—comprehensive in its diversity—that any step into the present seems unnecessary; while other historians may well claim that the taking of recent history seriously can create unreasonable problems in the minds of students who are already overworked. It is possible, for instance, to approach events in British history before 1900 more or less impartially. Pupils will always espouse causes and be Whigs or Tories, Cavaliers or Parliament men, but the enthusiasm thereby engendered is likely to make for a constructive view of what occurred rather than a prejudged approach to the events and issues involved. This is not yet true, however, of Mr. Asquith's conduct of the 1914 war, the General Strike or the 1931 Labour Government, let alone of present-day politics.

The right answer is probably to be found in some compromise between the two views. Extra-curricular activities, such as visits to art exhibitions, are increasingly to be met with at our modern schools. The difficulty appears only to be one of how to relate such activities to the study of the past. Most teachers are agreed that a higher degree of mental discipline can be instilled by learning about matters that are a little difficult or remote. The lessons gained can thereafter be applied in more familiar territory. Knowing Virgil or Milton well can in fact help people to appreciate Eliot or Graves. Mr. Hale asks what can be done to induce this discipline 'and yet keep the mind alert and receptive to what is going on round it'. Such a question lies at the heart of one of the most urgent problems that today face the teaching profession. Undoubtedly one way of solving it is for more use to be made of some of the broadcast programmes to schools, both in sound and television. Among those put out by the B.B.C. this term's series on 'Current Affairs' and 'Modern History' should be particularly useful.

What They Are Saying

Arrows and olive-branches

'THE "PROTEUS" WILL CLING, like a monstrous leech, to the British Isles'. With these words *Izvestia* expressed its horror at the arrival of the Polaris depot ship in Holy Loch. This, said the Moscow newspaper, was 'contrary to the clearly expressed will of the people of Britain, contrary to the country's national interests'.

Britain's defence policy aroused much other Soviet criticism. One Moscow radio commentator quoted the defence estimates and invited Russian listeners 'to imagine the untold harm this huge expenditure does to the British economy'. He did not mention that Britain's defence bill this year was 7.2 per cent. of the gross national product and should be a smaller percentage next year, or remind his hearers that Mr. Khrushchev had recently admitted to spending nearly 12 per cent. of the Soviet Union's budget on the armed forces. Another Moscow commentator said that not a day passed 'without reports coming from London about the powerful movement of British patriots against the occupation of their country by West German militarists'.

While this grim picture was being drawn for Soviet audiences, Moscow's foreign language broadcasts took up President Kennedy's inaugural remarks about olive-branches and arrows. A commentary for North America said there had been 'many speeches' emphasizing that the United States was 'trying to find a satisfactory solution' to the disarmament problem and 'wanted to put an end to the dangerous situation in the Congo and Laos and, generally, to ease international tension'. But:

That is about all the evidence of the new Administration's olive-branch policy. As regards the arrows, the material is more abundant.

The material adduced was America's 'effort . . . to be in a position to deliver a decisive retaliatory blow', the arguments from some quarters that communism must be contained, and the fact that United States armaments were being strengthened.

Moscow in its foreign broadcasts praised the Wiston House Anglo-Soviet talks on coexistence, describing them as 'hard-hitting at times', but 'marked by an atmosphere of complete frankness'. There was no indication, however, of the gulf that separated the two sides in their definition of 'peaceful coexistence', and Moscow gave its own again:

The principle of peaceful coexistence implies the duty to respect the way of life of all peoples . . . the abandonment of interference in the internal affairs of other countries with the aim of changing their political regime under any pretext whatsoever.

Commenting on the Kenya elections, Moscow radio said that 'the colonialists' had tried, but failed, 'to prevent the Africans from taking a majority of seats in the Legislative Council'. (In fact the Constitution granted last year provided specifically for an elected African majority.) Moscow added that the 'important victory' of the Kenya Africans in achieving a majority, despite the 'undemocratic electoral system' imposed on them, did not solve 'the most critical problem'. They were told they would need even closer unity 'to strike a decisive blow at colonialism'.

While Moscow virtually ignored President Bourguiba's meditation over Algeria and the cautious optimism it created, Cairo showed considerable distrust. The Middle East News Agency gave prominence to an Arab view that Bourguiba was working for the surrender of Algeria to De Gaulle and the creation of another state like Israel. A Jordanian comment from Amman radio said that the Rabat meeting between King Hassan and President Bourguiba showed the way to achieve results beyond the reach of communist propaganda. Those who remembered the communist massacre in Hungary, it continued, could not believe in the innocence of communist support for Algeria.

Peking has revived its famous short-lived slogan: 'Let a hundred flowers bloom, let a hundred schools of thought contend'. This time, in the lengthy press and radio explanations of how it is to work, there seems to be even more emphasis on the importance of eliminating the weeds.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service
STANLEY MAYES

Did You Hear That?

DO WE NEED A DECIMAL COINAGE?

'THE METRIC SYSTEM of weights, measures, and coinage was devised by the French in 1795', said MAURICE KENDALL in 'Ten O'Clock' (Home Service). 'It has now spread all over continental Europe and, indeed, most of the rest of the world; though not the United States, which has a decimal currency, but not decimal weights and measures; and not the British Commonwealth. However, the rest of the Commonwealth has already moved part of the way towards decimal systems. India, Burma, Pakistan, the British West Indies, and recently South Africa have gone over to decimal currency. Committees in Australia and New Zealand have reported in favour of it within the last year or two. So, for that matter, has a committee in this country. The way things are going we shall soon be the only country of any importance in the world with a non-decimal coinage, and very possibly the only country with non-decimal weights and measures.

There is not, so far as I know, any logical reason why we should not fall in with the rest of the world. In fact, some of us in Britain already have. In science the metric system is universal. The optical and the photographic industry use the system exclusively, and it is also employed in the pharmaceutical industry and in engineering. There is a Bill now before Parliament which intends to clear up some of the confusion, in particular by getting rid of a number of obsolescent units such as rods, poles, and perches, bushels and pecks and pennyweights.

'The real question, then, is not what we do but how soon we do it, and whether we proceed step by step or change at one single point. There are obvious advantages in making the change in a single move, especially if we can take the United States and the Commonwealth with us.

'Some disturbance would occur. Our slot machines and accounting machines might have to be modified, and people would have to get used to reading their rulers on the side marked "centimetres" instead of the side marked "inches". But the

advantages would be far bigger than the losses. Industry and trade, especially in export markets, would reap substantial rewards after they had recovered from the shock of doing what their competitors already do. Moreover, the longer we leave it, the more difficult and expensive would a change-over become.



Two exhibits in the Transport Museum at Clapham: Queen Adelaide's railway coach (1842)—

'Oddly enough, this need has been seen for a long time. So long ago as 1838 a Royal Commission reported in favour of decimalizing the coinage. And yet, for some reason, things have dragged on until, instead of leading the world, we lag behind even the countries in our own Commonwealth. Nor does the Government yet give a clear lead. My own opinion is that, a year after the inevitable change has been made, people will find it hard to see what the difficulties were and why we took so long in making it'.

ROYAL RAILWAY CARRIAGES

'The first royal person to travel by railway train', said JOHN BETJEMAN, in the series 'On Railways' (Network Three), 'was Queen Adelaide, the widow of William IV. She travelled early in the eighteen-forties, and as railways were invented in England, she was probably the first royal person in the world to use a railway train. The coach in which she did so is in the Transport Museum at Clapham (which later on will be open to the public). Queen Adelaide's coach is like a stage coach, or rather three stage coaches, mounted on to a wooden frame with railway wheels underneath. The inside of it is upholstered and quilted very much like those old carriages that peers bring out for coronations. It contains an ingenious device of folding seats so as to form a bed for Queen Adelaide's repose.

'It was some time before her niece Victoria ventured to travel by train. In 1869 the London and North Western Railway built a royal train for Queen Victoria at Wolverton, in the form of a pair of six-wheeled saloons. They were later joined together, as they can be seen today in the museum at Clapham. They are one of the wonders of transport, and though they are now nearly 100 years old, these two royal coaches must still be the most rich and luxurious that were ever built. One enters by the room for the ladies-in-waiting, and goes up folding leather steps, such as are used for entering coaches, and what a world of luxury presents itself. The handles of the doors are richly chased and gold plated, the carpeted floors have



—and the day compartment of Queen Victoria's saloon, built by the London and North Western Railway in 1869

granulated cork underneath the carpets for silence: the walls and ceiling are quilted and cushioned except where there are panels of maple wood; the lights are colza oil lights, and have Sheffield-plate containers with a Greek key pattern round them, and there is a Greek key pattern round the bell push, and round a sort of dish for containing ice, to make the carriage cool when it was too hot, and Greek key patterns are even painted round the pan of the royal lavatory. In the room for the ladies-in-waiting the prevailing colours are gold and yellow. The Queen's bedroom has scarlet walls of watered silk, a white quilted ceiling above, and golden brass bedsteads—two beds, one for the Queen and one for Princess Beatrice, who usually accompanied her—and there are satinwood chairs upholstered in scarlet silk. Between the Queen's bedroom and the next carriage there is a washing room with



Photographs from an exhibition on Rudolf Steiner's life and work at Rudolf Steiner House, London: a mentally handicapped child being instructed in musical appreciation at a school in Sweden run on Steiner's principles of education—

satinwood walls and gold-plated fittings, and beyond that the royal saloon where she sat during the day. In order to get to the royal saloon she used to go through a telescopic corridor—that thing like a concertina—it was the first of such corridors between coaches ever to be made. The royal saloon itself is the most splendid of them all. Its quilted walls are of blue watered silk—that rich royal blue such as we used to see on Caledonian railway engines—the silk ceiling is white and quilted, there are chairs and tables of satinwood and oil lamps with silk and Nottingham lace shades. And at the end of the saloon there is a separate compartment for the Queen's personal servant, John Brown'.

THE DESIRE TO PLEASE

'The Irish writer, James Joyce', said W. R. RODGERS in a talk in the General Overseas Service, 'once said to a friend of mine; "I like my country, but I regret the nature it gave me". Part of the nature which Ireland gives us, who were born in it, is something which we call 'the desire to please'. We like to see gratification in another's face. We are prepared any day to tailor the facts to fit the feelings.

'I notice it in myself. I never say straight out to someone: "Could you give me a cigarette?" I say tentatively: "You wouldn't happen to have such a thing as a cigarette on you?" And I do not say to a waiter in a dining-room: "Bring me the marmalade". I say: "You wouldn't happen to have any

marmalade, would you?" Always the round about, conciliatory approach in case the other person might not have the required article and would be embarrassed by the request. It is a way of being considerate, of "getting round" people, and I suppose it is an agreeable enough trait; what the English call "Irish charm". But how often I wish I had more of the honest-to-God, down-to-earth English bluntness about me. One gets so tired of circumlocutions. Better the Englishman's surgical regard for truth. At least that was my idea once. But is it a valid idea? I doubt it. Is it not true that the desire to please is part also of the English nature?

'I was discussing this lately with a Polish friend. He had been looking for a flat to live in, in London, and when he visited any place that did not please him he just flatly said: "I don't like it. I won't have it". "Oh, but no", said his English friends, "you mustn't say that. It'll hurt the landlady. Just say, 'I'll consider it', or 'I'll let you know'. She knows you won't, of course, but it saves her feelings". Yes, it's not only the Irish who have the desire to please'.

FOUNDER OF ANTHROPOSOPHY

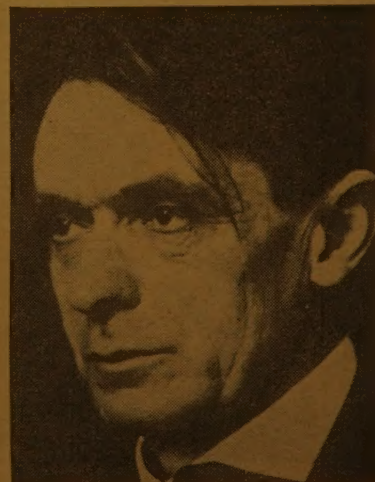
A centenary exhibition commemorating the work of Rudolf Steiner is open until March 17 at Rudolf Steiner House in London. DAVID STONE spoke about Rudolf Steiner and his achievement in 'Today' (Home Service). 'The movement which he founded', said Mr. Stone, 'was called anthroposophy. As a word, that means "wisdom of man"; but to Steiner, and to the many people who still put his teachings into practice, it means much more.

'Steiner's own definition of his philosophy was "a path of knowledge to guide the spiritual in the human being to the spiritual in the universe". To me, that is rather vague. I would say that Steiner was one of those men, of whom there were many in the late nineteenth century, who felt strongly that the enormous strides man was making in science were not going to bring him more happiness. And he, too, that man's spiritual life bore little relation to his daily life.

'Steiner was an Austrian, a working-class boy, the son of a railway telegraphist. After leaving high school in Vienna, he took a job editing Goethe's scientific writings. He became attracted to theosophy, whose most famous exponent, perhaps, was Madame Blavatsky. But whereas theosophy drew much of its inspiration from the East, anthroposophy, which Steiner founded a few years later, when he was about forty, was primarily a Western belief. One of Steiner's claims, which a lot of people took exception to in later life, was that he had a certain extra-sensory perception, that is, that his mind was capable of understanding more than the average mind can. He died in 1925.

'What does anthroposophy do today? One of Steiner's main concerns was the child, especially the handicapped child. He first became interested in children who were handicapped—whether through mental or physical incapacity—when he took a job as tutor to a family which had a backward boy. He asked the parents if he could apply some of his own beliefs to the child, and he found that though orthodox education could not help him, a different approach worked wonders. Today there are many schools and homes all over the world where his principles are applied to backward or delinquent children, and there is no doubt they are successful. And there are many schools, too, run on Steiner's lines which offer education to normal children.

'I think that what Steiner was trying to do can best be summed up in the words of Goethe: "Know thyself and live at peace with the world"'.
—and Rudolf Steiner himself



Portrait of a Philosopher

KARL BRITTON on Alfred North Whitehead

MOST people do not think of Whitehead as one of the Cambridge philosophers: they think of him as a transatlantic phenomenon. But whether he counts as a Cambridge philosopher or not, he was very much a Cambridge man and a Trinity man. Cambridge knew him, at the turn of the century, as a mathematician—the author of the *Universal Algebra*: and then joint author with Bertrand Russell of *Principia Mathematica*. Whitehead was once asked by an admirer how he and Russell had contrived to live so long with problems of such complexity. 'You should ask rather', Whitehead replied, 'how two men managed to live so long at that level of simplicity'. This is the Whitehead that Cambridge knew and continues to know.

But in 1910, before the first volume of *Principia* was published, Whitehead left Cambridge for London. In London he published the first of his more general philosophical works: a group of three notable books on the philosophy of science. He joined in the philosophical discussions at the Aristotelian Society, and he remarked in one of his prefaces that Oxford, Cambridge, and London were near enough together to constitute a common school of debate 'which rivals schools of the ancient and medieval world'.

But this intercourse dwindled. Wittgenstein first came to Cambridge in 1912 and Russell's post-war books began to refer to him rather than to Whitehead. And in *The Analysis of Mind*, Russell showed an inclination towards Behaviourism which was altogether unacceptable to Whitehead. The truth is that Whitehead contributed only to the first stage of the great revolution in philosophy which took place at Cambridge. Moore, Russell, Ramsey, Wittgenstein did not feel that he really belonged to them. Whitehead, while remaining devoted to Cambridge, took no very active interest in the philosophy of analysis. He was, as a matter of fact, curious about it and liked to have it expounded to him. But he made little reference to it in his writings or his lectures. Of Wittgenstein's *Tractatus*, he liked to say: 'It is fascinating of course: but why does he have to write it in the style of the prophet Isaiah?'

Whitehead was invited to become a Professor of Philosophy at Harvard in 1924, when he was sixty-three years old. He had won great distinction in London by his books and his teaching and by the part he had played in the government and the guidance of the university and of other colleges. He now took all his gifts with him to Cambridge, Massachusetts, and used them there with great energy and success. His fame in America rests upon the series of books in which he set out his own metaphysics—the Philosophy of Organism, as he called it; upon his teaching at Harvard and on the contribution he made to the educational life of America and indirectly to its political life.

You have to think of him as at the same time very English—almost excessively English—and as deeply devoted to America and its future. Whitehead looked and dressed and talked like a Victorian intellectual clergyman, and he knew it. I think he loved

being the Victorian intellectual, the English don, amongst the intellectuals of New England. Certainly they liked him and gave him their confidence. When Whitehead died in 1947, Judge Frankfurter said that he was the greatest single influence on American education since John Dewey. And this influence sprang from something that happened to Whitehead in his later years. He read widely in American literature and history: he travelled in America, visiting the places where history had been made; and he

had become captivated. He often spoke of the battlefields of the two American wars: he had visited them and had imagined the long agonies of the winters, the terrible carnage of the summers.

Whitehead always made much of his debt to American philosophers and of his agreements with James, Santayana, Dewey, Sheffer, Lewis. Sometimes perhaps this agreement was an asymmetrical relation. Whitehead was willing to appear as an eclectic: one who picked what he wanted from other systems of thought. He always professed not to be a real scholar. And sometimes I think he was willing to pretend that James or Dewey (or, for that matter, Plato or Leibniz) had been on the point of saying exactly what he (Whitehead) now went on to say. Of all philosophers, he claimed to be in the closest sympathy with Locke: he especially mentions Locke's sense of the interrelatedness of all things as this is expressed in the *Essay on the Human Understanding*:

This is certain, things, however absolute and entire they seem in themselves, are but retainers to other parts of nature for that which they are most taken notice of by us.

Whitehead has often been criticized for the language in which his metaphysical books are written: especially for the freedom with which he introduced new terms to convey his meaning. Even Professor Broad, who was a friend and former pupil of Whitehead's and who continued to read him and admire him, is severe about the style. 'I feel certain', he wrote, 'that there is something important concealed beneath the portentous verbiage of *Process and Reality*'. Professor Moore was severer still: he complained that if the terms meant anything at all they could have been properly explained in ordinary language. He once asked me whether Whitehead had ever satisfactorily explained what he meant by 'perception in the mode of causal efficacy'. I admitted that he had not done so to me. 'There you are', Moore said in disgust, 'you'd think he could make something clear'.

Whitehead himself knew that he was often obscure: and for that reason he tried again and again, in book after book, and in his lectures and seminars, to excite and coax people to form for themselves the new notions which his analysis of experience required. That at all events was his own view of it. It is certainly unfair to suggest that he did not take trouble to make his meaning clear; or that he was obscure simply because he lacked talent or experience as a writer. (This was Dr. Joad's suggestion, not Broad's.) Whitehead's essays on education and politics, his



Alfred North Whitehead (1861-1947)

account of his own early environment, show that on some topics he could write with simplicity and delicacy. Neither the obscurity nor (as some have unkindly suggested) the novelty of his metaphysical writings is due primarily to the terms which he introduced. The traditional terminology of metaphysics is infected with vagueness and obscurity and (as Whitehead so often said) with deceptive clarities: and it is re-infected again and again. To try to make a new start, to coin one's own terms, is by no means an eccentric step to take. But no amount of preliminary explanation will ensure strict precision in usage: and no doubt Whitehead is often very imprecise indeed. I think he recognized this and was frankly sceptical all the time about the exactness of his descriptions. At all events he regarded as entirely unfounded any claim that metaphysics can have, ready to hand, a set of technical terms which anybody ought to find adequate. What he wanted was a terminology that should cut across many of the traditional boundaries—mental and physical, intellectual and emotional, God and creation. People complained that he chose terms with an emotional overtone: but for Whitehead, understanding was itself partly an emotional process.

A Poetic Flavour

Certainly the terminology has a poetic flavour: and though I learned to use it in philosophy with indifferent results, I once composed a sonnet in Whiteheadian language; introducing the Ideal Opposites, eternal objects, concrescence into novelty, lure for feeling, real occasion and so on. The result was impressive: and intelligible—so intelligible that I decided not to send it to the Radcliffe student who had inspired it. Whitehead himself often turned to poetry to illustrate his meaning. I remember especially two favourite lines of his: '*Pereunt et imputantur*': 'The Hours perish and are laid to account': and the last stanza of the Eve of St. Agnes, where there is a sudden switch from the present tense to the past:

And they are gone: ay, ages long ago
Those lovers fled away into the storm.

These lines are used in his book *Symbolism* to illustrate 'the pathos that haunts the world', which arises, so Whitehead says, from the contrast between presentational immediacy and causal efficacy.

Whitehead lectured sitting down and in an informal conversational manner which was for many rather a novelty. He allowed questions, and he also asked questions when some detail—for example, the date of Newton's *Principia*—would not come to mind. Any foreign word was written on the blackboard in large old-fashioned characters: because, as he said, nobody now understood his pronunciation of Greek or Latin and nobody had ever understood his pronunciation of French. He often referred to his own books, among which he had his favourites. For example, *Adventures of Ideas*, the child of his old age: and especially the Chapter on 'Objects and Subjects'; or *Symbolism*—surely one of his best books, and connected in his mind with Virginia (where he gave the lectures), 'that symbol for Romance throughout the world of English speech'; and *Science and the Modern World*, especially the chapter on 'Abstraction'. But of this he once said that so far as he knew he was the only person who had ever read that chapter all through.

Seminar Classes

His seminar classes were less successful than his lectures. He said: 'In England, when we have an open discussion of this kind, it is the best people who lead off. Here we often have to listen to a lot of silly talkative people before the best will open their mouths'. He found it difficult to take a student's work as a starting point: and the two hours together in the afternoon were rather a tax for him. At half-time he used to produce a small picnic bag with a thermos flask of tea, and that revived him. Once we were visited by a distinguished French philosopher and his wife. Whitehead talked on and on with his eye on the clock: until at last the visitors rose and Whitehead solemnly bowed them out. Then he made a swift grab for his picnic. 'I deferred my afternoon tea', he said, 'as a compliment to the Countess'.

He was at that time in his early seventies. I suppose he had

once been tall (he was captain of games at Sherborne); but he was now much bowed and walked with his shining head bent down and with a distant pleasurable look in his eyes. His voice was old and inclined to mount into a high falsetto: but it was one of the most expressive and agreeable voices I have ever heard. In conversation (which he loved) he could become animated and would move about with excited gestures. But he was much given to musing and was often to be found all by himself, slumped in a chair, his hands spread out before him, the very picture of contented reverie.

On Friday evenings during term, Professor and Mrs. Whitehead were at home to Harvard and Radcliffe students in a large common-room in Eliot House. These two distinguished representatives of Victorian England certainly did their duty by their youthful audience—Mrs. Whitehead at one end of the room, 'Alty' at the other. Their recollections of the great men and women of the past were vivid, unsentimental, and always generous. I remember their talk of Roger Fry, Haldane, the three Balfour brothers: I remember somebody referring to Cardinal Newman and the triumph with which Whitehead exclaimed, 'Ah, but I met Newman'. He admired Newman; but he also spoke kindly of Charles Kingsley. In his undergraduate days Whitehead had been a member of the Cambridge Apostles, or 'The Society' as it is called: and had there met Sidgwick, Maitland, Verrall, Henry Jackson, who had been Apostles in still earlier days. I remember much talk of the Cambridge philosophers: Whitehead would be astonished again and again to think how they were 'getting on in years'. After laborious calculations—he was always bad at arithmetic, he said—he would interrupt his wife: 'Think, my dear, little Moore is nearly sixty'. The Whiteheads spoke often of Lowes Dickinson. 'He never seemed to say very much', Whitehead said: 'people liked to talk to him and so got talking to each other—and a symposium would just come into being while he sat in the middle'.

There was also much talk about politics and books. Whitehead had a great admiration for Keats and for Wordsworth's 'Prelude' and a corresponding contempt for Byron—the complete vulgarian. Conversation was always interrupted for coffee and substantial refreshments. 'You know', he said to me, 'we can always be sure of half a dozen hungry Ph.D.s who are at Harvard only because they are out of a job'. This was true: it was the very bottom of the great slump.

Plenty of Time for Talk

Any student had plenty of time for a quiet talk with Whitehead: and he was willing to be asked the most downright questions about his books and about his agreements and disagreements with other philosophers. I remember, for example, a long discussion about McTaggart, the only other Cambridge philosopher of his day to try to build up a metaphysical system.

Whitehead was my tutor and invited me on a number of occasions to visit him at his house on the Blue Hills Reservations. I spent my first Thanksgiving Day there in 1932 and met three generations of this charming family. As all the members of the party were English, there was much talk about the comparative merits of English and American life. Of his wealthy and patrician neighbours in Brookline Village, Whitehead remarked: 'You know, they are the sanest and most practical people, but their manner in private life is pure saccharine'. He said that Americans were often shocked at English people because they seemed indifferent about their families. When we meet old friends from England', Whitehead said, 'we ask them about the general election long before we ask them about their children and their aunts'.

Whitehead had visited England during his years in America, but when I knew him he was nearing the end of his long teaching career and had abandoned the hope of ever seeing England again. I think he felt some regret that he could not correspond more widely and regularly with his friends over here: for when I left in 1934 he asked me to remember him to them all and to explain that 'he simply could not write letters'. 'Tell them', he said, 'that I was born illiterate'.—*Third Programme*

The *Posterior Analytics* of Aristotle, translated by Hugh Tredennick, together with the *Topica*, translated by E. S. Forster, are the two parts of Aristotle's *Organon* included in Vol. 391 of the Loeb Classical Library (Heinemann, 18s.).

The Greeks

The Visual Arts of the Greeks

By MARTIN ROBERTSON and MICHAEL AYRTON

Martin Robertson: The essential importance of Greek art historically is that it marks a profound change, the beginning of what we mean by European art and the end of the kind of art that went before. If you look at two figures, one of the archaic and one of the classical period, the archaic is, as it were, the image conceived in terms which have from time immemorial been thought proper for an image. The classical is the image reflecting humanity in action or in repose.

Michael Ayrton: In fact, coming out of a rigid and motionless situation, the human body begins to move in space as an entity. Its shoulders move in opposition to its hips. In 'The Charioteer' from the museum at Delphi, the position of the head and shoulders in relation to the feet is a substantial natural twist of the body. And the moment you begin to twist the figure, not only can you introduce an element of natural reality in appearance, but you can begin to relate figures to one another in groups; and this of course is of great importance, because as soon as people can turn towards and away from each other and are not stiff, you can begin to produce a new conception of composition.

Robertson: It is interesting that so simple a change should make such a profound difference. But there does remain a powerful sense of tradition running right through Greek art which links the archaic and the classical into an essentially single unity in spite of this revolutionary character of the change between them: and that tradition is probably to be related to the use of sculpture in Greece. Almost all sculpture in Greece down to the Hellenistic Age is religious in intention, either directly or indirectly. The principal form of statue in the archaic and in the classical period is the cult statue of the god in the temple. And most other uses of sculpture are peripheral to that in some way: the decoration of the temple, votives dedicated in the temple or in the sanctuary around, and tombstones. With this religious intention goes what may be called a political idea, the necessity of involving the gods, as it were, in protecting the city and looking after it; and the temples and the statues of the gods had a real political importance in that sense.

Ayrton: There is a general belief nowadays that people have always made works of art simply as 'things of beauty' to give a certain kind of pleasure to the onlooker. This is in fact a false idea. The Greeks, at all events in the early stages of their

development as artists, were in no way concerned with what we call *aesthetics*. They were not making beautiful things; they were making practical things which were necessary—necessary in a religious sense because the gods, who were extremely capricious and difficult, had to be propitiated, to have their help invoked; they were part of life, essential to the running of

the state and to the conduct of normal affairs. It is difficult in some ways for us to think in those terms now when we see Greek sculpture and we think it beautiful. The Greeks did not care at that stage of the game about ideas of beauty. They thought in terms of ideas of gods and they thought in terms of statues as inhabited things. The marble lions on the island of Delos, for instance, are not decorative objects put up to improve the landscape. They are the guardians of the Sacred Way of Apollo, protecting the Sacred Way of the god from spiritual or human intruders. They were facts; they were realities; they were not decorative objects. Rising out of that comes something else, because if there was one thing in the making of Greek sculpture and architecture which dominated the



Greek statues of the archaic and classical periods: left, an athlete from the Acropolis (late sixth century B.C.); and, right, charioteer from Delphi (478 B.C.)

minds of the Greeks it was geometry and mathematics. Everything about Greek sculpture tends towards ideal measurement. There is an idea of perfect harmony governed by mathematical concepts. And the moment that one begins to understand how that works, one can begin to see why temples are the shape they are, because they are the houses of the gods, places wherein the gods live and have their being. And these are governed by mathematical rules.

Robertson: Yes, but one must not deduce that any Greek temple or any Greek statue could be produced simply by a mathematical formula. It is always modified by the artist. When we look at the Parthenon in detail we find that practically none of the lines that appear at first sight to be straight is so; they are all subtly curved, and this is either done by an extraordinarily complex mathematical system or shows the Greeks using mathematics up to a point and then deliberately leaving them and working free; or perhaps a combination of the two.

Ayrton: The curious thing about Greek architecture is that it neglected inventions which had already taken place, such as the arch and the dome. These were comparatively common even in Etruscan Italy to which the Greeks had ready access. The basis of the Greek temple is a wooden building. Those columns which

are now so familiar were, in earliest times, probably the trunks of trees, and every aspect of the formation of the Greek temple style is based upon wood. The columns do differ in their proportions according to their 'orders' and their capitals are markedly different. The Doric columns have very simple capitals, rather like basins; the Ionic are more complicated; and the Corinthian are foliated with carved acanthus leaves. But that is nearly the extent of the variation which exists in temple architecture during the whole history of Greek architecture. This is strange considering what was happening in every other field of human thought and in all the other arts.

Robertson: Your point about temples being houses for gods is important. The ritual sacrifice took place in the open air round the altar outside the temple, and the temple was the god's house; one wonders if perhaps that is one reason why temple architecture is so conservative compared to the representational arts in Greece: the feeling that the god would not like his surroundings to be lightly changed.

Ayrton: Ritual, the way in which gods are served, tends on the whole in all our history to be conservative and not to vary, because it is in the nature of ritual that it should not vary. It is this continual repetition over the years that gives reassurance, that makes religious ritual a satisfactory thing. And I suspect that is why religious architecture of this form did not vary in the otherwise so enormously inventive Greek mind.

Robertson: The Greeks do seem to have been intellectual rather than practical in a general way, for instance as opposed to the Romans. The great developments of Roman architecture are the outcome of the practical Roman approach to life. The engineering, the tying of the Empire together with roads and bridges and aqueducts—that is what leads the Romans to the developments they made in architecture. The Greeks seem to have been detached from those aspects of life, and their architecture is an example, I think, of their rather rarefied intellectuality.

Ayrton: Is it a valid point to make, that the human canon of proportion runs right through architecture, as well, naturally enough, as the figure arts? Because what is important is that the Greek idealized the human form before everything else. He made his gods in his own image: that is one of the reasons why he had such a passion for athletics. The Olympic Games were far more than a sporting event. It was a ritual, religious activity—quite apart from being doubtless beneficial to health. Proportions are related everywhere in Greek art to human proportions, and human proportions worked out again on a mathematical basis, in terms of what they ought to be rather than what ordinary observation shows them to be.

Robertson: Certainly this idea of the mathematically arrived at ideal human form dominates Greek sculpture, which is, I suppose, for us by far the most important of the arts of Greece because so much more of it survives than the painting.

Ayrton: The thing I would like to say about Greek sculpture, which is very much overlooked, is the way in which it was made. Most Roman sculpture and most Renaissance sculpture, and certainly a great deal of marble sculpture since has been carved with a flat, sharp, steel chisel. This is not true of Greek sculpture, at least until late in its development. The way in which the Greek sculptor worked was that he used a number of different shapes of punch—a short bronze instrument with a relatively sharp but not very sharp point. He held this at right-angles to his block of marble and struck it lightly with a mallet. Striking continually over and over again at a piece of marble, you can, very laboriously, rough out a figure which will look in its raw state rather like a honeycomb. After this honeycomb had been obtained, the

sculptor got to work with pumice and sand and emery; he rubbed his sculpture into existence. The way in which it was made enabled the sculptor to work on it as a whole. Later sculptors tend to cut into the block, having predetermined what they are attempting to cut, from one side only. Michelangelo tended to favour cutting straight into the block from one side. No Greek sculptor of the early period would have done this. He would gradually have formed his work towards its finished condition, at every stage keeping it at the same stage of completion. This is one of the things which gives Greek sculpture its extraordinary, serene wholeness, the organic quality that one seems to feel about it.

Robertson: Going on from technique, there are several other points of importance which should be made about Greek sculpture. One is that we think today of the naked marble Aphrodite as the most typical kind of Greek statue, but the female nude in fact did not come into Greek sculpture until the fourth century.

Ayrton: Isn't it also true that the cult of the female nude in sculpture is not

really Greek at all? It is an import from the East, like so many things in European art. Certainly the big figure of Athena which used to be in the Parthenon was dressed from top to toe.

Robertson: Yes, the masculine ideal is dominant throughout the archaic period and the fifth century, and it is only in the fourth century that the female nude becomes of equal importance with the male, or even at that time perhaps of more importance. One other significant point about sculpture and architecture in Greece is the question of colouring; we think of Greek art primarily in terms of uncoloured marble, but we should always remember that a great deal of the sculpture was in polished bronze; and that the marble sculpture and the marble architecture, and the sculpture and architecture in limestone which one finds alongside them, were highly coloured. We do not know a great deal about the detail of the colouring, but that there was a good deal of colouring on buildings and statues is without question true.

Ayrton: You need an enormous stretch of the imagination to visualize what the Parthenon topping the Acropolis really looked



One of the marble lions on Delos, guardians of the 'Sacred Way of Apollo'

David Seymour

like in the days of Pericles. If we were suddenly translated back into fifth-century Athens, there are a number of things which our now highly developed aesthetic sense would have found rather repellent. But it is important, when one starts talking about colouring and painted sculpture, for no one to run away with the idea that they were coloured naturalistically, which we should now find so unpleasant. They were coloured as far as we can gather with a high degree of stylization.

Robertson: You get colour on garments, you get colour on hair, on eyes, and lips, but not probably to any great extent on flesh, although that may not apply to the fourth century and beyond. I am sure you are right that it would be wrong to imagine the colours as highly naturalistic, though in later periods it is difficult to be certain.

Ayrton: We have so far discussed the archaic period and what one thinks of as the great period of Greek civilization...

Robertson: What indeed the Greeks themselves and the Romans after them thought of as the climactic period...

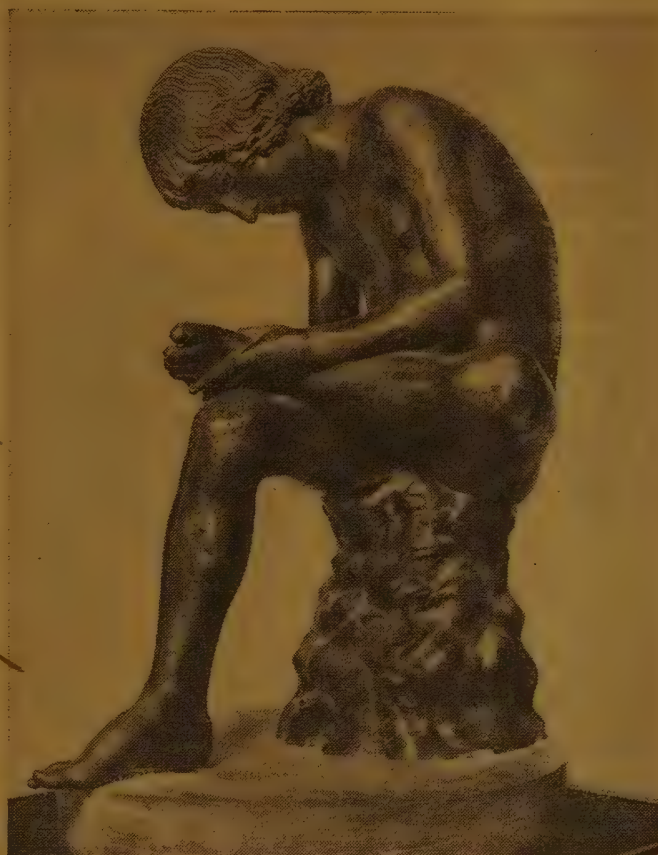
Ayrton: And now we should, perhaps, come to the Hellenistic period, which is generally dated from roughly 320 B.C. Something happened at this point which, as I understand it, changed the Greek attitude towards sculpture, painting, and everything else. What I like about Greek sculpture in the earlier phase, is the very fact that it was *not* concerned with aesthetics, that it was not concerned with works of art as things to be owned. But we arrive now at a point where a totally different attitude is being taken towards what images are being made for.

Robertson: It is, perhaps, worth noting that the Hellenistic age is the first in which we meet the art historian and art critic. Previously the writers on art were the artists themselves, expounding their ideas. This change is essentially a reflection of a political and social change, the result of Alexander's conquest of the East and the subordination of the old independent city states to the large new kingdoms and the transference of the principal patronage of art from the cities, who used art for religious and political purposes, to the courts of the Macedonian rulers of these new kingdoms, the Ptolomies in Alexandria, the Seleucids at Antioch, the Attalids at Pergamon.

That change in patronage, I think, is to a great extent responsible for the change in character; and the change in character is unquestionable. One cannot look at Hellenistic art without feeling that something has happened. It includes a kind of self-consciousness; and with that goes a tendency to eclecticism, to look back and borrow elements from earlier styles, combine fourth and fifth century styles. The figure called 'The Spinario' is a good example of that. This is a very late Hellenistic work, probably produced in Rome for some patron under the Roman Republic; it shows a typical Hellenistic figure in that it represents a genre scene (a boy pulling a thorn out of his foot)—which is the kind of subject

you find coming into art at this time; you would never find it in the classical period, cunning composition, a figure designed to be seen from many points of view—all that is combined with a type of head borrowed straight from a work of the first half of the fifth century, a combination one would expect to be disastrous, but in fact, curiously enough, it makes a charming and effective work.

Ayrton: Yes, it has charm, which is, I think, a quality I dislike more than almost anything else in art. The one thing I really like in Hellenistic art, which is also the one thing I really like in Roman art, is the portrait, which was taken to a very high level of achievement. But it is quite a different sense of the appearance of the human head and face from any of the sculptures from earlier times. These do not represent individuals with peculiarities and characteristics. They are idealized types representing qualities such as nobility, because they are not concerned with personalities. Hellenism, like all self-conscious



'The Spinario', an example of Hellenistic art

ages, is concerned with the personality of individuals and with their likes and dislikes. That is why it does seem to me that the portrait is a triumph in Hellenistic art.

Robertson: I agree about that. It is noticeable how slow our idea of the portrait is to take root in Greek art; in the archaic and classical periods it is practically not there. Almost all Hellenistic portraits, at any rate until late in the period, are portraits of public figures; a fact that sets Greek portraiture off from Roman portraiture, where you get anybody and everybody having their own likeness made. We tend to think of portraiture as something that is always there, but it is worth noting perhaps that not only is it slow to come into the classical world, but it goes out again between the fourth century or so and the late Middle Ages and the Renaissance; there is a long period when you get nothing which is what we normally mean by portraiture.

Ayrton: A great deal of archaic sculpture and medieval sculpture is after all still concerned with kinds of ideals: a portrait of a king in medieval art was a portrait of kingship, an idea about kings; so, in classical sculpture, it is an idea about gods. What seems to me odd, and in some ways rather unsympathetic, about Hellenistic art is that the artists continue to use this idealism, but without any real meaning. Even the charming young man taking a thorn out of his foot has an ideal boy's face, which had a relevance 200 years previously to how human beings ought to look; but he now looks like that in order to please some wealthy Roman gentleman, who wants a nice bronze of a boy. It is the business of making things for the private collector that caused a decadent situation in Greek art, a situation in which the arts occupy a different and inferior place of human affairs. The nature of the greatness of Greek art is that in its greatest periods it made sculpture, architecture, painting, as an absolute necessity; it was needed in order that life could be carried on properly. With Hellenistic art it becomes merely something which rich men can take pleasure in.

—From a discussion in the Third Programme



Small bronze jug in the form of a Negro girl's head (second century B.C.): a portrait sculpture probably of a slave, now in the British Museum: it has been said to show 'a new pathos'

New Movements in French Literature

NATHALIE SARRAUTE explains tropisms

THE works of the so-called French 'new novelists' are eyed by most of the critics, and the readers, so they tell me, with a certain amount of uneasiness and surprise. I can assure them that their surprise is no greater than that it arouses in the 'new novelists'.

Why 'Experimental' Novelists?

For me the last and, maybe, the greatest cause for astonishment, is the widespread new idea that these novelists are experimental novelists and their works laboratory works. Why experimental? And what on earth is meant by that word? It would be reassuring if the expression 'experimental novelists' meant that they cling, as all artists do, to their own experience and only to that, without heeding the experience either of their predecessors, great as they may be, or their contemporaries; it would be a great consolation if it meant that they try to approach reality without looking at it through the spectacles which others found convenient to them; how encouraging it would be if it meant that they tried to invent forms in which to catch and enclose this reality as all artists in all arts and all times have always done. They have done it this last century in painting, for instance, with Impressionism, Fauvism, Cubism, and so on; or in music, with serial music; or in literature with romanticism, symbolism, expressionism, and so on. If the word 'experiment', when speaking about the new novel in France, were meant to express that kind of effort to grasp a side of reality not yet looked at by others and to find a form to communicate that particular side of reality, it would be encouraging indeed and the best reward these writers could expect for their works.

But I am sure it cannot be that. It would be too optimistic a view of the opinion of the average critic or reader. So they must mean something else. I sadly suspect them of meaning that we are cold theoreticians who develop ideas on novels as scientists do on scientific matters, and then make experiments on a small scale to see if those ideas could have an application to literature. These experiments might perhaps serve others who then, after the sacrifice of those courageous but unlucky pioneers, would be able to use the instruments they have prepared for them in their laboratories and apply them to their own true and living and rich experience, and so write true and living novels.

This, I fear, is what they mean. And what is the use of trying to explain by general ideas on the novel that those readers are wrong? If anything at all can convince anyone in that matter, except sincere, unsophisticated reading—nothing can be more convincing than to show from inside how these books have been written; and only the writer can do this. I shall try—difficult as it may be—to show by the way I have worked how far I was from applying ideas on literature to laboratory experiments.

Expressing a Strong Emotion

When I started writing, in 1933, it was not to apply theories but to express a certain strong emotion caused by certain things which had aroused my curiosity and my desire to communicate them to others. Here I must be frank. I do not pretend that I started writing this particular text and no other as, on some lovely morning, a young bird starts singing. My attention was roused and my curiosity attracted by this particular thing and no other; first, of course, because it was in my nature to be sensitive to a certain kind of inner movement, to certain human behaviour and relationships.

But it is clear that if I had lived in a different epoch, or in another society, for instance in Soviet Russian society of today, I should not have been so keenly interested in that side of reality and, even if I had been, I should have found no means of com-

municating this particular experience. I have been able to feel certain things and to try to separate and isolate them from a mass of other things, because my sensibility had been trained and my curiosity awakened by certain books. I had read those books in a certain way, looked at them from a certain point of view. I had read Dostoevsky, Proust, Joyce, Virginia Woolf, and what I had found in these authors was not the stories they told nor yet the characters they showed, but a certain raw material, a substance particular to each of them that could not be found in any other writer's works. I had already, and have never ceased to have since, one strong conviction, my only strong and immovable theory—a faith that literature, like every other art, is a continual movement, a ceaseless discovery of new and unknown material. I strongly believed in a movement from things known to things unknown; and this belief expressed itself in the fact that I did not feel the excitement which a writer feels in front of certain things—this excitement which makes him want to show these things to others—when the reality that I could observe was the sort of reality other writers, even those whom I most admired, such as Dostoevsky, Proust, Virginia Woolf, or Joyce, had already revealed and so powerfully described.

If I felt excited by those movements which I first tried to catch and wanted an imaginary reader to follow, it was chiefly because I had the impression—perhaps the illusion—that these movements had not yet been considered by others and that it was necessary to find a form through which they might be revealed.

Movements Round the Border of Consciousness

It is difficult to explain what these movements are. I thought they might be called 'tropisms', after the biological term, because they are purely instinctive and are caused in us by other people or by the outer world and resemble the movements called tropisms by which living organisms expand or contract under certain influences, such as light, heat, and so on. These movements glide quickly round the border of our consciousness, they compose the small, rapid, and sometimes very complex dramas concealed beneath our actions, our gestures, the words we speak, our avowed and clear feelings.

How may I best try to explain it? I remember reading a few years ago in one of Flaubert's letters that Flaubert wondered what we really mean when we say: I feel what we call *de la sympathie* for someone. I think tropisms are the numerous movements we perform, the action that takes place in us, before clear recognition mounts to the surface of our consciousness: I feel *sympathie*—attraction, if you like—for so-and-so. Such actions are extremely quick and precise. They have to be shown while they are going on by a process which resembles what, in the cinema, is called travelling, when the camera is moving at the same time as the object the operator wants to photograph. I had to take many frames to be able to catch these microscopic movements and then to show them as a slow-motion picture before the reader.

I had to express them through the rhythm of the style as poetry does, and, as they can hardly be expressed in words, I had to try to find images which could convey to the reader the impression, the feeling which these tropisms produced in the character, without his knowing clearly what they really were. When I wrote *Tropisms*, and long after I had finished this first book, I sometimes wondered if those hidden and unexpressed feelings had any general bearing or significance. I even wondered if they existed in other people, as no one ever spoke about them or tried to express them or indeed seemed to know that they existed.

Two years ago I saw a play which was taken from a story by

Dostoevsky and was called *A Bad Anecdote*. I read the story when I came back home and I discovered the following passage:

We know that entire arguments pass sometimes through our heads instantaneously, in the form of sort of sensations which are not translated into human language and even less into literary language. And it is obvious that many of these sensations, if translated into ordinary language, would appear very improbable and hard to believe. This is why they never appear in broad daylight and nevertheless exist in everyone.

I think this is about the best definition which could be given of these 'tropisms', these movements I am trying to convey.

Secret Throbbing of Life

These movements are hidden. They never appear in broad daylight. They are seldom expressed in interior monologues by the person who experiences them. They hide behind normal, harmless appearances, under commonplace conversations, under daily gestures; they hide under cover of platitudes. It seemed to me, more and more, that they are the secret throbbing of life. They were the only thing I was interested in. I wanted the readers of my books to be interested only in them. Nothing should have diverted their attention from them.

I thought that the dramatic development of these movements should replace the plot. Characters were nothing else than casual bearers of the tropisms. The tropism as such was the centre and the driving power of my books. But, while I worked, I became aware that the tropism could be more complex, could be richer, if it were prepared by many other tropisms. It was difficult, in writing these small one- or two-page stories, each of them containing one tropism, to start each time all over again as if I had to write an entirely new story. I wanted to follow the tropisms while they developed slowly in different scenes and then expand in all their richness and complexity in one final scene.

Then I had the idea of the theme of the *Portrait of a Man Unknown*. The situation was like the one chosen by Balzac in *Eugénie Grandet*. Of course, I did not try to compete with Balzac's masterpiece. But I thought that what we know about reality has changed since Balzac's time. In *Portrait of a Man Unknown* characters appeared from the outside as they appear in the traditional novel: the father was a miser, an egoist, the daughter a cranky spinster. This was what people said about them. But what did it really mean? What kinds of movements composed what appeared on the surface as something that could be labelled: an egoist, a miser? What kind of tropisms take place in a man whom others, when they speak about him, call a miser? This was what the narrator, who spoke in the first person, wanted to know. He grasped snatches of these movements; they became more and more complex through different scenes until he felt strong enough to grasp one long, complex scene in which all the tropisms he had seen or guessed at through the book culminated in a climax. But this scene in which the narrator has to make a supreme effort to catch an infinitely complicated reality proves to be too difficult for him. A strong exterior action, such as happens in ordinary exterior life and in the novels which describe that life, stops all those tiny underground movements. And then a character, a real one, appears; a character that resembles the characters in traditional novels. He bears a name, Mr. Dumontet; he has a face, a body, a profession. He speaks just as people in traditional novels do. Then, under his influence, everything becomes normal, harmless. The tropisms after a few final subdued gasps, come to a stop. Everything takes on the perfectly serene and set aspect that is seen on dead people's faces.

The Hole in the Shell

In my next book, *Martereau*, the normal, traditional character seen from the outside, having a name, an outward appearance, and so on and so forth, the Mr. Dumontet from the *Portrait of a Man Unknown*, is Martereau. But Dumontet had stopped the tropisms, had brought everything to a standstill; while Martereau will himself disintegrate. At the beginning, he arouses the envy of the narrator, a young man who lives among people who are all activated by tropisms. But Martereau, for a futile reason, arouses suspicion. Through this tiny hole which has been made

in the solid shell that protects all characters in life and in novels, through this narrow chink, the narrator sees that Martereau is activated by the same movements. He is as people are, not in traditional novels, but in real life.

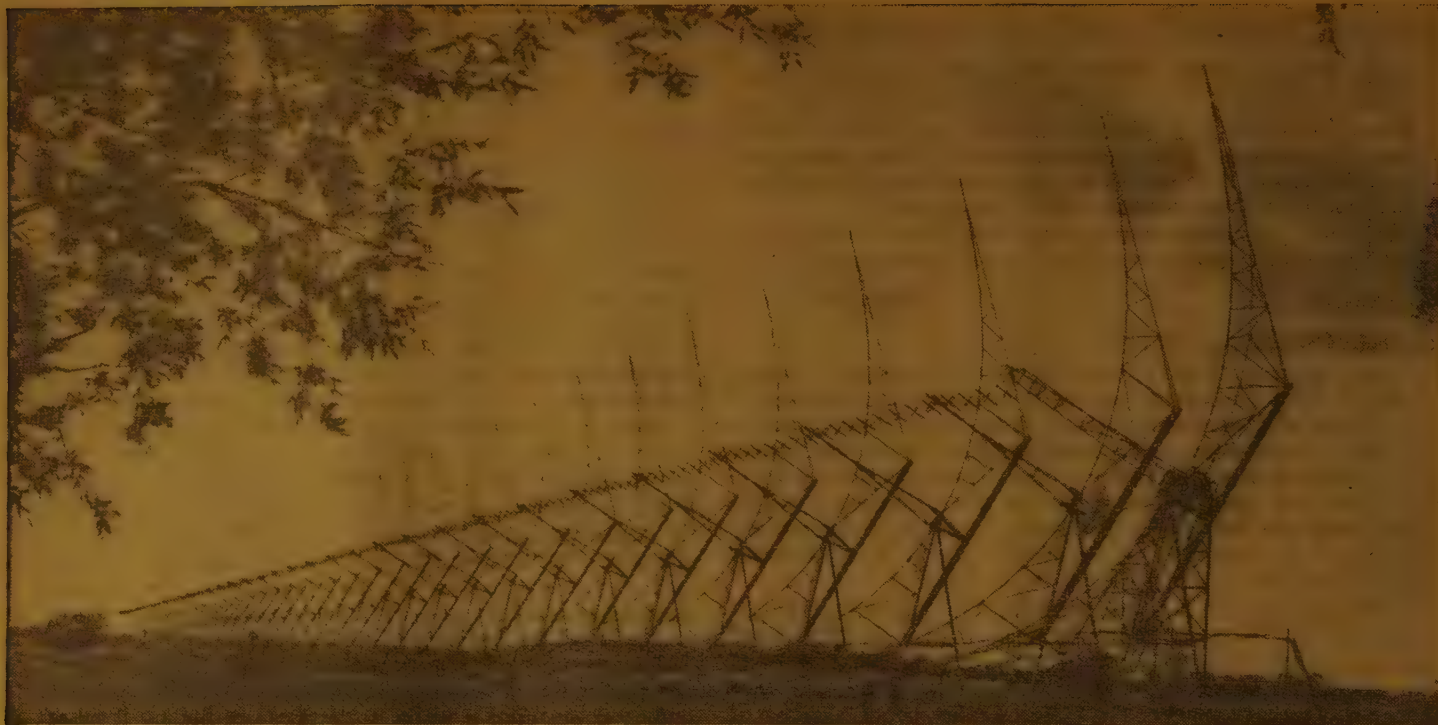
In *The Planetarium*, I have no more doubts. No privileged narrator has to try to catch the tropisms. Everybody feels them and is affected by them. But here I met with greater difficulties than in my previous books. No character bears any name when I speak about him and no narrator helps the reader by explaining what is going on. There are no names, either surnames or Christian names, for the characters, except when they speak about each other, and then, naturally, they call each other by their names. This lack of names in all my books does not come from a desire to be modern, difficult, or obscure. It comes from sheer necessity. I have sometimes tried to replace the 'he' or 'she', which I generally use, by the character's name. I have then found out that it made me move away from that place on the border of consciousness where the tropisms can be observed and where no names are ever pronounced, where we see a rapid image, a vague form. It made me move away, somewhere on the outside, on to the social level. And then, as I said, I do not care to create lively characters that imitate life like Madame Tussaud's wax dolls. I want the reader to feel the inner movements, the tropisms, to concentrate on them and not to be too much interested by the people in whom these tropisms take place. The reader should be caught up and carried away in the whirlpool of these inner movements, sometimes knowing immediately where he is, sometimes finding it out after a while, sometimes not finding it out at all. This is of little importance. As for the dialogues, they are nothing but the appearance on the surface of these inner, microscopic dramas by which they are entirely conditioned. They derive all their significance from these dramas. The reader should follow them from the moment they appear on the border of consciousness to the moment when they emerge on the surface in the form of dialogues. Every conversation is prepared by what has been called *sous-conversation*: sub-conversation.

'The Planetarium'

In this last book, *The Planetarium*, the commonplaces behind which the tropisms hide, the platitudes, the clichés, constitute the plot itself. Nothing could be more commonplace than this plot. An old lady wants to put a new oak door in her flat. A young man tries to become one of the favourites of a well-known writer. But the tropisms, which make our lives infinitely rich and complex, hide under any commonplace gesture or word. They can be found anywhere at any moment. Why, then, describe exceptional situations, great action, heroes? Is it not a deception? Why try and persuade the reader that all the richness, the complexity of life is concentrated in certain chosen actions instead of going on in him, whatever he is doing, just as he goes on doing all day long in ordinary life?

It is difficult for a writer to explain what he has tried to achieve. Whether he has succeeded or not is another question. It is not for him to judge. Browning said—and it is very comforting: 'Achievement is in the pursuit'. What is certain is that there was a pursuit and that it was based on a sincere and genuine experience. In 1947, in 1950, and later, I expressed ideas on techniques, on the suspicion aroused in modern readers by traditional characters, on the part played by plots, dialogues in the novel of our time. Most of these ideas have been incorporated in the various statements of what is called the 'new French novel'. But when I wrote these essays, I did so to try to explain to myself and to others, in the solitude in which I was working, why I could no longer use certain methods, why, like all novelists in all times, I had to discard certain much used and much approved techniques, techniques that seemed, then, to be taken for granted by novelists, critics, and readers.

The new methods, which served my purpose and had no other value than that, made my books, as well as those of my friends, appear as unusual, as anti-novels, as experimental novels, and so on. But it must be remembered that, at all times, novels, as well as other new works of art, which have departed from the current, traditional works which surrounded them, have appeared as curious freaks.—*Third Programme*



The radio telescope at Cambridge used by Professor Martin Ryle and his team to arrive at his theories on the origin of the universe

The Evolution of the Universe

By PATRICK MOORE

AT a meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society in February, Professor Martin Ryle stated that new radio observations gave strong support to an evolutionary theory of the origins of the universe as opposed to an alternative hypothesis, that of the 'steady state' theory, due mainly to Professors F. Hoyle, H. Bondi, and T. Gold. Let us consider the basis of these theories.

The Sun is a star, and is one of perhaps 100,000 million suns making up our star-system or Galaxy. It is in no way exceptional; it is of special importance to ourselves only because we live upon one of its nine planets. The distance of the Sun is 93,000,000 miles; the distance of the nearest of the so-called 'fixed stars' is over four light-years. (A light-year is the distance covered by a light-signal in one year. Since the velocity of light is 186,000 miles per second, this amounts to rather less than 6 million million miles.)

The term 'fixed stars' is a misnomer, since the stars are in fact moving about in space at high velocities. Our Galaxy has a general rotation in which the Sun naturally shares. Since the war, radio astronomy studies have shown that the Galaxy is spiral in form—a fact which had been previously suspected, but not proved.

Far beyond the boundaries of the solar system may be seen other galaxies, essentially similar in type to that of our own Galaxy. One of the closest of them is the Great Spiral in Andromeda (Messier 31), which is faintly visible to the naked eye. Its distance is about 2,000,000 light-years, and it is a system larger than the Galaxy in which we are situated. Together with various other galaxies, it makes up the so-called Local Group.

For many years there were doubts about whether the Andromeda Spiral and others of its kind were genuine external systems, or whether they formed part of our Galaxy. The question was cleared up in 1923 by E. P. Hubble, at Mount Wilson Observatory, who used the 100-inch Hooker reflector to study certain interesting variable stars in the Spiral. These variables, the famous Cepheids, fluctuate regularly in brightness,

and it is known that their real luminosities are linked with their periods. Cepheids also exist in our own Galaxy, and so the variables in the Andromeda Spiral could be used as 'standard candles'. It was at once evident that the Spiral itself lay at a truly immense distance.

More remote galaxies naturally appear fainter, and many of them show up on the photographs merely as tiny specks of light. The 200-inch Hale reflector at Palomar has been invaluable in studying them, and has added much to our knowledge.

Apart from the members of the local group of galaxies (less than two dozen in all), all these external systems appear to be receding from us, so that the whole universe is expanding. This conclusion has been reached from spectroscopic studies. With a receding body, there is a measurable shift of the spectrum lines toward the red end; with an approaching body, the shift is toward the violet. These Doppler shifts, as they are termed, seem to be conclusive as to the recession of the galaxies. Attempts have been made to explain them in other ways, but without success.

The recessional velocities become greater with increasing distance. The most remote galaxy yet measured, 3C-295 in the constellation of Boötes, is about 5,000,000,000 light-years away, and is receding at perhaps 90,000 miles per second, or half the velocity of light. (It is hardly necessary to add that these values are approximate only, and may be subject to considerable error, but at least they are of the right order.)

If this state of affairs continues at still greater distances, there must come a point at which a galaxy is receding from us at the full velocity of light. In this case its light will never reach us, and we will be unable to see it; it will have passed beyond the boundary of the visible universe. Optical astronomy cannot yet penetrate nearly so far, but the relatively new science of radio astronomy has come to the aid of cosmologists. Radio waves may be received from immense distances, and it is known that some galaxies are very strong radio emitters.

One of the first men to draw up a modern-type theory of the creation of the universe was a Belgian priest, Georges Lemaitre.

He supposed that originally all the material was contained in a very dense 'primeval atom', which exploded, sending its material outward in all directions. Expansion began, and continued for thousands of millions of years. Two forces were acting against each other: gravitation on the one hand, and the so-called 'cosmical repulsion' on the other. According to Lemaître, cosmical repulsion became dominant, so that the expansion of the universe is still going on. Various modifications of this theory have been made, but in any case it assumes that the universe began at a definite moment in the past. The universe is evolving, and must eventually die, so that it may be compared with a clock which is running down. We can understand why the whole conception has been nicknamed the 'big bang' hypothesis.

Then, little over a decade ago, Professors Hoyle, Bondi, and Gold, working at Cambridge, proposed an entirely different scheme. They suggested that there never was a definite moment of creation, so that the universe has always existed—and will moreover exist for ever. As old galaxies die, new matter is created, and the universe may be likened to a clock which is being continually re-wound.

Direct observational tests are out of the question, since it would be impossible to detect this newly-created matter; the task would be far harder than detecting the formation of a single new grain of sand in the whole Sahara. As Dr. R. A. Lyttleton has pointed out, the rate of creation would be such that only a fraction of a gramme would have appeared over a volume the size of the Earth during the last 4,500,000,000 years, which is the best available estimate of the Earth's age. Neither is there any explanation of this continuous creation; the suggestion is simply that the material is produced out of nothingness.

We have no idea how matter could be so created—but this in itself is no drawback to the steady-state hypothesis. The galaxies exist; their matter must have come from somewhere; and if we return to the 'big bang' idea we are still at a loss to explain how the primeval atom appeared in the first place.

The only practicable test appeared to be obtainable from studies of very distant galaxies. It must be remembered that on the evolutionary theory, the density of material in the universe used to be much greater than it is now, so that many thousands of millions of years ago the galaxies were closer together than is at present the case. If the steady-state theory is correct, the universe has always had much the same aspect as it has now, since galaxies which pass beyond the observable horizon will be replaced by new galaxies formed from the continually created matter. Consequently, we could decide between the rival hypotheses if we could look backward in time to see the universe as it used to be thousands of millions of years ago.

In effect, this is precisely what can be done. Take, for instance, the galaxy 3C-295, recently studied by Minkowski in the United States. Its distance is about 5,000,000,000 light-years; we are therefore looking at it as it used to be 5,000,000,000 years ago, before the Earth came into existence as a separate body. We are looking through time as well as through space.

By the methods of radio astronomy it should be possible to study galaxies still more remote than this, and a positive test may be made. On the evolutionary theory, the galaxies were relatively crowded together in past ages—say 8,000,000,000 or 9,000,000,000 years ago; on the steady-state theory, they were not. If, then, galaxies at a distance of 8,000,000,000 or 9,000,000,000 light-years are seen to be closer

packed than those in our own region of space, then the evolutionary idea is valid. If not, then the steady-state theory is vindicated.

At Cambridge, Professor Ryle and his colleagues have carried out exhaustive studies of very weak radio sources, which are regarded as associated with remote galaxies. It is maintained that some of these lie at least 8,000,000,000 light-years from us, which should be far enough for any increase in 'crowding' to become noticeable. The crux of the matter is, therefore: are these weak, distant sources more numerous than they should be on the steady-state theory? The answer, according to Ryle, is a definite 'yes'. If so, then the steady-state theory must be either modified or else abandoned.

It is hardly necessary to add that Professor Ryle's work has been carried out with the greatest care, and is a magnificent technical achievement. Every possible source of error has been taken into account, and the whole research programme has already taken years. Yet it is certainly premature to say that the problem has been definitely solved in favour of the 'big bang' idea, and it is still essential to keep an open mind.

One point is, of course, that the new results depend not upon a full analysis, but upon samples; the magnitude of the task can be emphasized by remembering that the Palomar 200-inch reflector can show 1,000,000,000 galaxies at least, and, as we have seen, radio methods can probe still further into space. This has already been stressed by Professor Hoyle, one of the originators of the steady-state theory. It is also suggested that there are dangers in regarding the number of radio sources as a definite clue to the number of galaxies. Some galaxies are much more powerful radio emitters than others and there is at least a possibility that very old galaxies contain a higher proportion of strong radio emitters. According to some workers, this would have a profound effect upon the whole analysis. In addition, it must be said that the new evidence is indirect, so that the margin of doubt may be greater than appears at first sight.

Further research will probably enable us to decide between the two theories, but this is not the same thing as solving what is often termed 'the mystery of the creation'. We still have no idea how the material of the universe came into being, whether it did so at one particular moment or as a continuing process, and in this respect we are as yet completely in the dark.

Let us now do our best to sum up the arguments which have been carried on so energetically during the last few weeks.

There are two theories of the universe: the evolutionary or 'big bang' theory, in which all the matter was created at one moment, and the steady-state theory, in which the universe has always existed, so that new material is being created out of nothingness all the time. On the former hypothesis, very distant galaxies will be more crowded than closer ones; on the latter, they will not. A first observational test has been made, and the steady-state theory has apparently been contradicted. Yet there are so many unknown and uncertain factors that it would be most unwise to jump to conclusions, and studies carried out in the near future may well cause the pendulum of scientific opinion to swing once more. The arguments will continue, and the last word has by no means been said.

—This article is based on the B.B.C. television programme of February 23, in which Patrick Moore was talking to Professor W. H. McCrea of Royal Holloway College, London University.



A group of four external galaxies in Leo photographed through the 200-inch telescope at Mount Palomar observatory, California

The Lost Tradition in the Theatre

By IAN RODGER

WHEN critics talk about the break in transmission of Elizabethan and Jacobean theatrical traditions, they usually blame the closing of the theatres by the Puritans in 1642. I would like to suggest that the Act of 1642 contributed to this break but that it did not bring about the distortion of our theatrical tradition without the help of other factors. Obviously something as drastic as the closing of the theatres for eighteen years destroyed a great deal. The acting companies were disbanded. At the end of the eighteen-year break many of the old hands were dead and the young actor of 1660 had no one to turn to—even if he had wanted to—for guidance on traditional interpretation or the stage manner which had once accompanied the lines of Jacobean tragedy. The great Burbage for whom *Macbeth* was written had died more than twenty years before the closing of the theatres, but it is reasonable to suppose that back-stage mimicry had kept alive something of his manner, which was invaluable to his successors. Obviously the loss of this kind of word-of-mouth tradition, as far as the style of production is concerned, is great.

'Pantomime' Production

This loss was made greater by the advent of a theatrical influence which did not in any case value the Jacobean style. Pepys, who was what we should call today a theatre-lover, was baffled by *Hamlet*. He was living in a social climate which could not have appreciated the play fully, but I do not think the pantomime production can have helped. This kind of production was considered to be the only civilized way to present plays which were regarded as barbaric and quaint, and it remained in fashion until William Poel arrived on the scene. The High Society of the Restoration saw the theatre solely as a place of entertainment and accepted without question the mode and fashion of the French theatre of manners. Actors in this style became seen rather than heard. Molière embedded some acid social commentary in his plays but it was the style rather than the thought of his theatre which crossed the Channel.

It is commonly assumed—in my view wrongly—that the French rather than the English are in the van of social and political inquiry in the arts. With this assumption in mind, it is agreed that Restoration Comedy under French influence slaked the Anglo-Saxon harshness of our theatrical tradition and brought to it the desirable qualities of wit and sophistication. I do not deny the contribution made by the Restoration theatre in this respect. If we had not experienced its influence, English Ireland would not have produced Sheridan or Wilde. But admiration for the civilizing ingredients contained in this Restoration drama can blind us to the disappearance of other ingredients, ingredients that were regularly present in the more purely English plays written before 1642, and never present in the same proportions since.

These ingredients are those which involve social political commentary. In the sixteen-hundreds one gets a free discussion of political ideas in the theatre but in the Comedy of Manners social commentary is confined to fairly generalized observation. The limits of this commentary are known and prescribed. Restoration comedy, in the tradition of Terence and Plautus, pokes fun at the parvenu, the vain and the naïve. Its sophisticated audience enjoys the sham fear of witnessing the established order getting a playful kick every so often. But the play's intention is to leave in the mind—as the carriages come to the door—the comforting thought that the established order is firm and that the evening has offered nothing more than a pleasing spectacle.

Social commentary of the kind which invites philosophical speculation on the nature of society and of the nature of the relation of man to the cosmos does not find a place in the Restoration theatre. Within the terms of reference of the Comedy of Manners this kind of speculation is of course out of place, and

I am aware that it can be objected that it is hardly fair to attack Restoration dramatists for not going against the tide of popular taste—which demanded Comedy. But dramatists in any age are not entirely tied hand and foot, unless their society is exercising a fairly severe form of censorship. There was censorship of a kind in the sixteen-hundreds, but it hardly deterred either Marlowe or Shakespeare. So I want to suggest that Restoration dramatists shunned philosophical speculation not only because it did not fit the classical pattern but because they were actually afraid to indulge in it.

It is obvious not only in retrospect but it must have been obvious at the time that England in the sixteen-sixties was recovering from a vast social upheaval. When one contemplates the extraordinary events of the Civil War and the years of the Commonwealth, it is amazing to find that no one attempted to write a play which featured any part of it. It would be futile to expect a Restoration dramatist to chance his arm with a play about Cromwell, but it is surely amazing that no one tried their hand with Charles I. There was in fact one play but it hardly counts. It was a piece of propaganda written in 1649 and it is no more than a pamphlet. This absence of any commentary on the results and effects of civil war is significant. Cromwell alone is a fascinating character. It would be too much to expect the Restoration theatre to make a sympathetic study interpreting him as a Greek hero struck down by pride. But there is not even the portrait of him as a monster. There were no plays which even raised the issues known to every thinking adult.

Why were such plays not written? It is not enough to say that popular taste demanded another kind of play. Restoration dramatists knew that any speculation on the nature of society would be regarded askance. They knew in general terms that authority had learned to be suspicious and watchful of the theatre, but they also had personal problems. Like S.S. generals in post-war Germany and like many of their contemporaries in other fields, they were hard at work proving that they had never had anything to do with the Lord Protector. Dryden, for example, began his career with some heroic stanzas dedicated to Cromwell's memory. In 1659 he wrote of him:

He made us Free men of the Continent
Whom nature did like captives treat before.

Within a year these enthusiastic words were swallowed, and Dryden, like Marvell and many others, found it politic to change his coat. In 1660 he wrote *Astraea Redux*, which is sub-titled 'a poem on the Happy Restoration and Return of his sacred Majestie Charles the Second'. From this poem it is interesting to learn that it was only the Rabble who enjoyed freedom under the Commonwealth and that:

They own'd a lawless savage Libertie.

The Play of Ideas

One cannot help feeling that this sudden submergence of original and independent thought contributed to the disappearance of the play of ideas during and after the Restoration. Its absence is the more remarkable when one recalls that political expression before 1642 was not confined to the great ones alone or to the writers of tragedy. The Restoration produced no dramatists with the bravery of Massinger, who made no great claim to being anything more than a run-of-the-mill professional. At the height of the dispute on Ship Money, Massinger put the following lines into the mouth of a tyrannous King in his play:

Monies? We'll raise supplies what ways we please
And force you to subscribe to blanks to which
We'll mulct you as we shall think fit.

This play was read by Herbert, who wrote in the margin: 'This is too insolent and to be changed'. The lines were cut, but the

important thing is that Massinger dared to write them. He was still writing within a tradition which held that political comment was a legitimate province of the realm of the theatre.

This tradition was already weakening at the time of the Ship Money debate. The masque and the light comedy had already begun to replace the drama which had been based on the proposition that the theatre was the place for a total inquiry into the dilemma of man. This proposition was born in the realization by Marlowe and his contemporaries that they were the heirs to the seemingly boundless territories of the mind exposed by the Reformation and the Renaissance. From Marlowe to Webster this territory was explored by English dramatists like men fighting blind in an alley. It is easy in retrospect to call Marlowe an atheist and Webster an anarchist with a Calvinistic sense of guilt, but one's understanding of their mental attitudes is helped more by remembering that they belonged to the first generation of Englishmen who realized that they had walked into the dark. Theatre was to them not only a place of entertainment but a forum for the examination of ideas.

This does not mean that they were committed to one view or another. They were never certain, like Brecht or Shaw, that they held the right views. Like their public they were feeling their way. There is, for example, a frequently expressed wish in seventeenth-century drama to set aside the harshness of human law and to embrace the gentler laws of nature. But it would be unwise to quote such passages as evidence that the Jacobeans were early apostles of the philosophy of Rousseau. I hardly need to add that it is sheer folly to see Marxism in Shakespeare or Existentialism in Webster. One cannot give the Jacobeans contemporary labels. All one can do is to say that they were all on the side of those devoted to the doctrine of free inquiry. Indeed, one can see that they often anticipated in debate many of the lines of thought which were to lead both to the bloodshed of the sixteenth-forties and to the consciously worked out political philosophies of the eighteenth-century. In this context one can judge the relative unimportance of the closing of the theatres. Drama, as it were, left the stage to become history. The theatre exists to give voice to debate, but when that debate is translated into physical action in the street the theatre becomes temporarily inadequate.

If one accepts this notion that at moments of revolution the drama of the theatre is swallowed or nullified by the drama of history, one can begin to have more sympathy for the Restoration dramatists. Even if they had dared to write about the Civil War they would have felt inadequate to the task. And at the same time they were being encouraged by the taste of their age to develop a different kind of theatre which had the social sting taken out of it. Speculation of a philosophical nature continued but it took place in the privacy of the study and the salon. Scientific inquiry was canalized in the Royal Society and philosophy was returned to the less public hands of the philosophers. This increasingly studious approach to man's dilemma partly explains the development of that sad oddity in English literature—the poetic drama written by major poets who lacked an environment which gave them a dramatic sense. Browning tried his hand at a play about Strafford but the play is as dramatically impossible as Shelley's *The Cenci* or Addison's *Cato*. While the theatre of

ideas was foundering in the studies of the poets, the playwrights through General Burgoyne and on downwards to Mr. Noël Coward were concentrating on spectacle and frivolous entertainment. And so the long reign of the play without any deep social consequence was ushered in by the Restoration playwrights.

Understandably, it was a kind of theatre which affronted Bernard Shaw. He considered the theatre of his time as debased, escapist, and utterly cut off from the terrible reality of the life that faced the greater part of the British population. In much the same way that Brecht revolted against the same kind of theatre in Germany, Shaw decided in his critic's study to inject the theatre with some political fat. But forced feeding of the goose—as any meat eater could have told him—does not fatten the bird; it merely fattens the liver. Many of Shaw's plays today seem to be no more than pamphlets. The causes that they champion are dead: they have been achieved and forgotten. Unfortunately the Shavian approach to the theatre is still alive

and many of the plays of today, which are hailed because they are socially committed, inherit his doctrinaire mistake. It is not enough for a dramatist to possess a social conscience. He must balance, as the Jacobeans did, an awareness of the dramatic in history and politics with an interest in the complexity of human relationships which may or may not have historical and social significance. At the present moment the plays of the 'post-romantic surrealists' deny the reality of the social realists. When they are attacking the Shavian kind of reality they are on safe ground, but when they assert that the future of the theatre lies with an ever intensified examination of personal and not social relationships they are in danger of pursuing



'The Restoration . . . accepted without question the mode and fashion of the French theatre of manners': a scene from a modern production of *The Way of the World*, by William Congreve

the esoteric for its own sake. The realists, in their turn, are in need of a less simplified and less doctrinaire approach to the appreciation of single human characters. English dramatists once enjoyed writing for a theatre which was committed only in the sense that it was devoted to the doctrine of totally free inquiry. This doctrine encouraged an approach which was both psychological and political, human and universal. It flourished until the consequences it aroused took physical form in the Civil War. It languished because dramatists surrendered their rights to the political philosophers.

The time is now ripe to reclaim those rights. The political philosophers are once again bankrupt and society is in need of the dramatist to seek a fumbling way forward into the dark. We have known as many tyrants as the Jacobeans and the examination of their personal as well as their historical dilemma is surely worth study. There is room, in other words, for a play about Stalin or Hitler—or even Sir Winston Churchill. Fainthearts may cry that such men are too near our own time but they should remember that Aeschylus dared to write *The Persians* only twenty years after the event—in which he took part. Others will say that a total approach to Stalin, for example, is impossible, that he must be seen sectionally, as a historical character first and as a human being second. But he was both these things; and it is possible—by making use of both the realist and surrealist approach—to render such characters on the stage. If such a fusion of approach is ever achieved—and I am sure it can be—we shall at least inherit the aesthetic tradition of the Jacobean theatre. When this happens the critics will no longer need to blame the Puritans.

—From a talk in the Third Programme

Religion and Mystery

Mysterious Godhead

The second of three talks by H. D. LEWIS

LIKE 'freedom' or 'nature', mystery is a difficult word. It has a host of meanings; and this has been a source of great confusion. You may have mystery in the sense of the detective story. Here the mystery is partial; it is we who cannot find the explanation, but the explanation is there. That is how, for the most part, we must understand the mysteries of science. Most of us know little about electricity or radio. We know how to switch on the light or the wireless set, and most of us can turn off the current at the 'mains'. Some people have read a little about electricity and radio and they can mend their own sets. But even to them much remains bewildering which is plain sailing to the scientist; and the scientist in turn will admit that there is a great deal he does not understand. At this level, mystery is relative. A thing may, or may not, be a mystery; it depends on how much you happen to know about it. The scientist also hopes to make progress; so that what is a mystery to him today may not be so tomorrow.

Mystery in Science

But the question does arise whether there may not be mystery in science in a deeper sense than this. What do scientists mean when they talk about atoms and electrons, waves and magnetic fields and so on? Could they in principle explain these fully? Are they using convenient metaphors which they could unpack if required, perhaps in elaborate or cumbersome terms? Or is there something more inherently elusive here? Is our understanding of atoms and electrons bound to be partial, not in the sense that we have more to learn about them in the ordinary way, but in the sense that we cannot ever quite know what they are? Whatever we say about this, the scientist certainly understands a great deal and can explain it to his colleagues. He knows when sense is being talked about atoms and electrons, and when not; he can in some ways recognize them, handle them, and (to our great concern today) split them. There is no reason to doubt that more and more knowledge of this kind will be gained. As it is gained it is no longer a mystery to the initiate. If we had to deal with total mystery, could we get going at all? Certainly not in the domain of science.

Consider now another sort of mystery, that of something which is so simple that there is nothing one can say about it. Some maintain that particular colours are of this kind. We recognize them and know when they appear and what their conditions are. But can we say what a green colour is? Could a man born blind ever learn this from anything we say or could say; could he ever get beyond the incidentals? Perhaps we shall say 'No'; some philosophers, G. E. Moore for instance, have said that goodness is a quality of this sort, ultimate and indefinable. But if they are right, it does not follow at all that goodness or colour are mysteries in any final sense. Perhaps there is little, or nothing, to be said about what they are in themselves; but it does not follow, and it is not true, that we do not know what they are like. We know quite well what green colour is.

Mind is Unique

Consciousness seems to me a mystery in this sense. In saying this, I fear I shall fall foul of most of my contemporaries. For the fashion now is to say that mind is observable behaviour and dispositions to behave. There are subtle variations on this theme; but they all reject the notion of mind as essentially more than observable behaviour. This seems to me mistaken and also, incidentally, out of accord with the Christian conception of the soul. Mind is unique and we know it by being minds. But for that reason also we cannot describe it, and the moment we try we talk in external world language and give the case away. We speak as if mental processes were ghostly duplicates of physical ones. But

mind is more than body, although we cannot say what this more is, and ought not to try. We know what it is, but have no way of saying it. We can of course distinguish different mental processes, but what it is for them to be mental we cannot say.

Persons may also be mysteries in another way. There is much which a man does not know about himself, and there is much in the lives and characters of our friends which we cannot plumb. There is also the unconscious. A good deal has been learnt of late about this, and of how there may be levels of our lives of which nothing is known except by special techniques. But while we remain mysteries to ourselves and to others in this way, there is not here, even in the unconscious, anything inherently elusive. There is much which in fact we do not know, and may never learn; but the stuff of it is in essentials the same as what we do know—remembrances, hopes, fears, loves, hates, and so on.

We are, however, deep mysteries to one another in still a further sense, namely by being *other*. Persons are distinctive and irreducible, each in a way a world to himself, however close to one another we may be also at times. Perhaps this was in the mind of some who have spoken of an I-Thou relation. These terms have been used loosely and vaguely, and sometimes they refer to very trite matters. They have also been used to suggest that there is direct knowledge of other minds. That I am certain never happens, not even in telepathy. But there are moments—moments of great sensitivity and insight—when we are acutely aware of the other as other, invariably strange, a being in his own right, and when we realize with awe the enormity of the distance between us which is also a source of the wonder and beauty we find in our richest and most intimate fellowships.

Inevitable Barriers

This bears on a great many matters, including moral ones. Grave aberrations, such as sexual perversions and excesses, owe a great deal to stubborn and misguided determination to push beyond inevitable barriers, to encompass the other's personality in its entirety, to know as God knows. And the remedy, in the last resort, is religious—to learn to accept in humility our inevitable limitations as finite created beings. But where this theme bears most closely on religion is where it affords us the closest analogue in human relations to the mystery of God. For here we do claim intimate knowledge of beings who are also in another sense inaccessible. Other persons are not, of course, total mysteries: far from it; we know a good deal about one another, and we know it in terms of what it really is. If I know that you are hungry or tired or excited or contemplating this or that, then I know that you are this in precisely the same sense as I might be tired or excited, and so on, myself. It is the fact of you being you that is strange. But in the case of God the mystery, in this regard, is total. We just do not know at all what it is to be God. God is total mystery, and neither loving nor willing nor anything else means the same for Him as for us.

This is echoed in most religions. God is eternal, transcendent, absolute, above, beyond, hidden, no man hath seen Him, He is not here, not there, but always elusive. The light of Him is blinding and His glory burns us up. How, then, do we know even this, or that He is at all? Is not all theology radically self-refuting?

The answer is that although we do not know *what* God is, or what it is like to be God, we can know *that* He is. This, you may think, is desperation indeed. For how can we know that anything exists unless we know, in some way at least, what it is? Is it not a preposterous claim? It certainly seems so; and it is this that enabled a recent linguistic philosopher of note to make such play with the famous words in Exodus—'I am that I am'. If God said this, he remarked, the proper reply should have

been: 'You are what?' Normally, this would certainly be true. No one could just say 'I am'. We either make assertions about something, or we say that something we know in part is real.

But God is not like anything else: he falls altogether outside ordinary discourse; He is not one item in the world to be understood in relation to other items, but the ground or source of all. We know Him in knowing that there has to be such a ground; all explanation is radically incomplete; after every answer there comes a question; and this passes into the question: why should the whole system of things as we find it, and in terms of which we normally give explanations, be as it is? And that is a totally different question. All the same, it is a question we cannot avoid asking, not just psychologically but as a proper question. And it is not a muddle. We do not expect an answer; from the nature of the case that cannot be, for answer is in terms of this or that; but neither are we just confessing our ignorance or limitations, least of all saying that there is something we have not yet been able to find out. We know that it will not do to say that the world just happens, to accept the world as a going concern and leave it at that. We do mean something when we say that the world could not come into being out of nothing; and the problems of beginning and end in space or time are real enough, although bewildering to us. But what we do mean here we cannot say, we can only recognize supreme self-subsistent Being encompassing all that we know or understand; at the edges of all things we meet it, real indeed and totally mysterious.

Sense of the Ultimate

To this the question of a child and the questions of philosophers point equally. Peculiarly hard to specify or handle in the abstract, it is in no way confined to sophisticated thought. Various pressures evoke the sense of it; and some forms of sophistication may hinder this and call for peculiar adjustments in times like ours. Acuter intellectual presentation may also be needed. But sooner or later, it seems to me, this sense of the Ultimate, as I have noted it, breaks on the minds of most people, the wise and the simple alike, if given the right opportunity and inducements to reflect. That, alas, happens less frequently today; and our cultural and social background, as Simone Weil saw so well, has been too sharply disrupted to help our waiting on God.

It can now be seen also that the idea of God is not any kind of hypothesis. Sir Julian Huxley expects it to be so, and he declares, echoing a celebrated utterance, that he has no need of the hypothesis. Why should he need it? In science we only go on to more science. But the idea of God is not meant to explain this or that course of things, or this or that fact in nature or the world; it is an explanation, in a very peculiar sense, of there being an order of nature or a world at all.

If the idea of God were a hypothesis, the position would be simpler in one regard. For the nature of a hypothesis is determined by the sort of facts it is meant to explain; and it is known in that way. But we have seen that God does not fit into this frame of reference at all. How, then, can He be known except in the restricted sense that we know that He must be as the ultimate, unfathomable mystery from which all else is derived. Some religions are less embarrassed by this difficulty than others. For they venture to claim little. The Christian religion makes bold claims: that God is active in history, that He intervenes in—or, at any rate, through—events, that His presence may be felt and that He was incarnate in a particular person. Christianity cannot survive the surrender of claims of this sort. But these claims must not, on the other hand, induce us to compromise on the ultimate, transcendent, character of God. The point of the specific claims is lost, in all crucial and distinctive regards, the moment God becomes for us less than truly God. Apologetics must not be lured or manoeuvred out of its embarrassment, and seeming paradox, of claiming with peculiar boldness and intimacy to know the one absolute God.

How, then, can this be? Can it be more than blind dogmatic affirmation? Can we adduce grounds or reasons when we have passed beyond the sphere where they are normally held? I think we can; and that we are not denied the arbitration of relevant evidence. At this juncture the problem of other minds in general is important again. For it provides a valuable parallel and clue.

There is indeed no parallel where the *existence* of other finite persons is concerned. We know that other persons exist from the evidence they give of themselves; we know that God is, in the way described already, without any particular evidence. But what we know further of God is not unlike the way we know other persons. We know these from what is presented to us in our own experience of their behaviour and observable appearance, although we know this about creatures whom we cannot know directly as we know ourselves and whose being remains on that account deeply mysterious. The parallel must not be pressed closely at all points. But just as there are things forced to our notice in ways which would be inconceivable unless initiated in some way by other persons communicating with us, so there are occurrences which stand out from the normal course of events in a way that announces them to be the peculiar manifestations, within the world which we can understand, of what matters for us of the Reality beyond.

The insistent character of the sense of there being God, the compellingness with which—on occasion—it impinges on our thoughts is one feature of such situations; but another is the recurrent and significant association of this with special sorts of insights, notably moral ones, which extensively affect our lives. In the course which this takes in history, and most of all in Judaeo-Christian history, we find a distinctive pattern of divine disclosure. The currency in this exchange is finite; it consists of things we grasp in the normal way, but the superscription is divine; and it is in the setting of divinely conditioned events of this sort that the person of Jesus acquires the magnitude of Very God which the Christian view of his ministry requires.

We do no service to religion by reducing either term of the problem, the total mystery of the Godhead or the scandal of particularity. In the last resort we cope best with the scandal by appreciating fully the character of the mystery. These are the terms in which we can also have the clearest understanding of the points of affinity and difference between religions.

—Third Programme

Madonna: with Landscape

His mark was found in all:
The few and feathery trees,
Faint gold horizon,
And eyelids' blissful fall
To the babe across her knees.

He made the formal growth
Of trees against pale skies
Hold as much of worship—
For he was found in both—
As his Madonna's eyes.

G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON

Mistletoe in Bloom

At the crotch of the apple-tree the mistletoe
Hangs a green lantern in the bare March boughs—
A feeble flame that not the less avows
Spring is here though the cold winds still blow.

Outsider, parasite that pays no tax
To a balanced plant-economy; is tough
And unconflicting; finds home enough
In the bark's thin crevices and cracks;

Bears less-than-flowers in a bunch of wishbone leaves—
Yet makes of lack the wherewithal to thrive
And calls the distant bees from their warm hive
As readily as summer's gaudy sheaves.

Quiet and busy as a poem in the making,
Hark! how the music thrums in the mistletoe,
As if to prove wherever chance may sow
And life have hold there's honey for the taking.

C. HENRY WARREN



Won't Mum be pleased !

No doubt she's used to it by now. And, as Dad says, let's encourage the lad, he may be a star one day—even if he does get dirty. Anyway, washdays are not half as much work as they used to be before hot water was on tap and washing machines were invented—and before Shell pioneered modern detergents.

Shell are large suppliers of detergent bases and intermediates to the makers of many branded products whose names are household words. For industrial and commercial

cleaning, Shell's own brand 'Teepol' is by far the most widely used product.

If better detergents can make your business more efficient, either in the cleaning of premises or plant, or in product processing, then get in touch with Shell who may well be able to help you.

Write to the Information Officer, Industrial Chemicals Division, Shell Chemical Company Limited, 29-30 Old Burlington Street, London W.1.

Shell Chemicals



Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Power and the U.S. President

Sir,—As an American residing in Britain I was very interested to see that someone (Mr. M. T. Shaw, THE LISTENER, March 2) has challenged Mr. Norman Hunt for his polemical discussion of American government and politics ('The Myth of Presidential Power', THE LISTENER, January 26). It was disappointing, however, to find that the challenge was limited to examining whether the President does, or does not, have as much 'power' as the British Prime Minister.

I would have liked to see this question asked: 'Why should he?' Or better still: 'Why should these two offices be compared in this way?' It is easy to be led astray by comparing unlike entities; a horse gets criticized for being a poor sort of cow.

Mr. Hunt seems to feel that the 'separation of powers' feature of American government is a quaint old eighteenth-century superstitious notion, adopted by the early Americans because they didn't know any better. Mr. Hunt regards as 'archaic' the requirements that the President's powers be limited, that he is answerable to others for his actions, that he cannot exercise authority unless it is assigned to him by law to exercise, and that he, too, must obey the laws.

Sometimes it is necessary to remind ourselves of the obvious: these features of American government were deliberately introduced, are widely admired in the nation, and are zealously guarded. They are not 'anachronisms' but are very necessary protective devices, and are found in various forms in many other democracies. As James Madison explained:

It may be a reflection on human nature that such devices should be necessary to control the abuses of government. But what is government but the greatest of all reflections on human nature? If men were angels, no government would be necessary. If angels were to govern men, neither external nor internal controls on government would be necessary. In framing a government which is to be administered by men over men, the great difficulty lies in this: you must first enable the government to control the governed; and in the next place oblige it to control itself. A dependence on the people is, no doubt, the primary control on the government; but experience has taught mankind the necessity of auxiliary precautions.

If Mr. Hunt claims that this view, expressed in the eighteenth century, is no longer true in the twentieth, then he is a poor student of events, indeed. In any case, it has been reasserted eloquently and recently by Professor W. W. Rostow:

It is an old story in history that the rights of the citizen are, in the end, protected by the division of power. . . . The mechanism for this protection arises from the fact that the manipulation of distributed power requires the existence of accepted rules which define the procedures and limits by which authority is exercised. It is the lack of such known procedures and limits which defines, in one of its critical aspects, a totalitarian state.

If a degree of inefficiency, delay, and uncertainty in governmental action is the price we must pay to avoid totalitarianism or autocracy, it is a small price to pay, indeed.

Yours, etc.,

Old Dalby

RICHARD A. BRAY

Full Circle?

Sir,—I wonder if any of your older readers have been reminded by the recent talks on China (published in THE LISTENER) of a certain type of journalism which existed in the nineteen-thirties. This type was much given to the excellence of Hitler's Germany, enlarging on 'the merry faces everywhere'—'the people unanimously behind the government'—'the rebirth of the sense of the community'—'tremendous sense of the country's glorious history and great traditions', etc., etc. It was called reactionary in those days, but now I'm not so sure if that

was the right term. In THE LISTENER of March 2, Mr. E. P. Thompson tells us, in his talk on the New Left, that to some people 'Castro's revolution seems more significant to them than Lenin's'. This month's *Encounter* (Theodore Draper) tells me: 'There have been three stages in Castro's attitude towards elections. First, he promised them. Then he said they were not immediately feasible. Now he ridicules them'.

The wheel has come full circle: 'Father (Mao, Castro, or Thompson) knows best'.—Yours, etc.,
Sheffield, 10

D. B. CONNELL

Athens and Sparta

Sir,—Mr. Eustance is quite right in saying that Sparta enjoyed a flourishing literary and artistic culture down to the Second Messenian War, and perhaps for a generation later, the period when, as I believe, the Spartan discipline was introduced. But I was speaking, as my opening sentence showed, of Sparta in the fifth and fourth centuries B.C.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

A. H. M. JONES

School Buildings in Britain

Sir,—It would appear that Dr. Mellanby has been as accident-prone in his experience of recent school buildings as he has also been in his experience of recent laboratory blocks, West African universities, etc. The sweeping attacks he makes are so obviously over-generalized that I have no doubt that they will arouse suspicion in your readers, and I have only a few brief points to make in defence of my statement.

First: 'since the war' is not the same thing as 'now'. Indifferent schools have been built in the sixteen years since the war, but my point was that, as of 1960-61, it was impossible to design a really bad school, as far as an architect's intentions are concerned. This does not exclude the possibility of his concept being botched in execution, of course.

Secondly: glass-covered erections (whatever they are) are very rare exceptions among current school buildings, whose average ratio of window to wall is only a little higher than in standard school-board schools of around 1900, lighting levels having been one of the most closely studied aspects of school-design since the early 'fifties.

Thirdly: facts entirely contradict Dr. Mellanby on summer over-heating—the standard Nottinghamshire school shown at the Milan Triennale last year was not uncomfortable inside even in direct Italian sunlight and humidity factors—rarely encountered in Britain.

Fourthly: the proposition that older schools get better academic results is not true in the case of at least two modern well-designed schools with slightly audible W.C.s that I know in the London area, both of which have remarkable academic records. However the point is one that is susceptible of direct statistical analysis, and I would be interested to see Dr. Mellanby's figures when he has collected them.

Fifthly: I have a school-age daughter who has fairly recently transferred from an average good school-board type of school to an average-good L.C.C.-modern school. I notice no deterioration of her academic performance or eyesight, she has never complained of being frozen or roasted, and her general physical comfort has been greatly enhanced by the location of the W.C.s—a matter which particularly irked her in her other school.

The present appearance of British schools is not something that has been forced on educators by architects, but is the consequence of close co-operation between teachers, building scientists, architects and the Ministry of Education in research into the functional and human needs of educational buildings. It is about the one

class of architecture in the world today where functional inadequacies rarely belie an exterior that looks well in the architectural magazines!—Yours, etc.,
London, N.W.6

REYNER BANHAM

Methods of University Teaching

Sir,—In view of the revival of interest in the aims and methods of university teaching I wonder whether some of your readers would be kind enough to assist a private inquiry by offering their views on this important topic? Forthright opinions (with guaranteed anonymity) will be welcomed from university teachers, graduates, and students, and should be sent to me at the address below.—Yours, etc.,

Education Department
Trinity College, Dublin

J. P. POWELL

Nationalizing the Union Minière?

Sir,—I find Mr. Douglas Stuart's contention very difficult to 'swallow' (THE LISTENER, February 23). It seems incredible that 'the great bastion of capitalism', the stronghold of 'private enterprise at all costs', the Americans in other words, for whom 'nationalization' is almost a dirty word, would be pressing the Belgians to nationalize the Union Minière du Haut-Katanga creating thus a most dangerous precedent which could easily be turned against their own interest in the future, and this time not only in the underdeveloped countries or Castro-style nations.

It would be even more surprising than ever that they should have advised such a course to the present Belgian Government considering that if there was one point which the Social-Christian-Liberal coalition has agreed upon (ever since each of them has existed in fact) it is their absolute opposition to any form of nationalization.

On the other hand, it might seem the obvious course for President Kennedy to follow (that is if he really had the intentions ascribed to him by Douglas Stuart) to discuss this possibility with Mr. Spaak, the leading figure of the Belgian Socialist Party who has just relinquished his Nato post in order to help his divided party (between Flemish Brussels and Walloons) fight next month's elections. However, one has to remember that, first the official line of the Socialist Party is not in favour of more nationalizations and, secondly, that such an interference by the Kennedy administration *via* the present opposition would be extremely ill-received by the ruling parties (unless they considered it a heaven-sent electoral backing!).

One thing is certain: this idea is new here; no one has yet mentioned it, although every party is searching hard for anything out of which to make political capital, as all of them backed the plan for the Congo's hasty independence and do not want to face the voters on that singled-out issue. Anything to drown it: the impotence of the U.N., the Austerity Bill, eventually this new 'hypocritical American interference', as it would be no doubt called, but of course no argument on the basic cause of all this.

Finally, I would like to mention that far from being a privately owned Belgian concern, its nationalization would hurt thousands of shareholders all over the Western world and not least in Britain, considering the large part of it owned by Tanganyika Concessions. These shareholders have already suffered great losses on the capital value of their holdings. Since many Belgians of all conditions own 'colonial' shares, and since the three 'traditional' Belgian parties, if not quite sane as the Congo experience has shown, are after all not yet completely mad electorally speaking, it looks as though the U.S. Government would have to back and wish for a communist victory at the polls in order to witness the nationalization of the Union Minière. I am sure that this seems very unlikely, as Mr. Stuart no doubt will agree.—Yours, etc.,

Brussels, 7

R. H. MEYSMANS

Thomas Hardy's Heart

Sir,—I should like to reassure any of Hardy's admirers who failed to notice that Mr. Day Lewis had his tongue in his cheek when he thought to enliven his fine tribute to Hardy's memory

(THE LISTENER, February 23) by reporting an assertion by a 'local farmer' at Stinsford that Hardy's heart was not buried there because 'the cat got en'. This story is without foundation.

I was at Max Gate when Hardy died on January 11, 1928, and ever so many times before and after his death, and there was no cat there. Moreover his body was not buried in Westminster Abbey. Bodily interment is not permitted by the Dean and Chapter. His ashes were buried there.—Yours, etc.,

Kew

SYDNEY COCKERELL

St. Blaise

Sir,—There may have been 'a bishop of Dalmatia who lived in the fourth or fifth century', but the St. Blaise mentioned by W. R. Rodgers (THE LISTENER, February 16) is surely the bishop of Sebaste—now Sivas, in Asia Minor—martyred in 315 or 316. Certainly, this St. Blasius is alleged to have cured a child of a throat affliction. It is also said that, at his martyrdom, his flesh was torn with woolcomber's irons; this may explain his patronage of the wool trade and therefore the importance of his festival at one time in Yorkshire.

There are four churches named after this saint in England: St. Blaise, Milton, Berks.; St. Blazey, Cornwall; St. Blase, Hacombe, Devon; SS. Mary and Blaise, Boxgrove, Sussex. Presumably many a man called Blasius landed in Cornwall during the Diocletian persecutions, but there is no reason to suppose that this Armenian bishop did.—Yours, etc.,

Clyst St. George

D. G. TAHTA

Faux Pas in the Third Programme

Sir,—A *faux pas* is not (in spite of your Critic of the Spoken Word, THE LISTENER, March 2) the term to describe our postponement at the speaker's request of a talk on the music played at the Darmstadt and Cologne festivals of contemporary music. A *faux pas* would, however, have been committed if we had done as your critic suggests and planned the talk in association with the concert of music by Stravinsky and Schönberg the following evening.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

P. H. NEWBY
Controller, Third Programme

'Growing Up Absurd'

Sir,—In my review of Paul Goodman's *Growing Up Absurd* (THE LISTENER, March 2) four words have somehow been duplicated in the quotation I made from this author. It should start:

We live . . . in a system in which little direct attention is paid to the object, the function, the program, the task, the need; but immense attention to the role, procedure, prestige, and profit. . . (Not 'the object, the function, the profit'.)

Yours, etc.,

Haywards Heath

GEOFFREY GORER

[We regret the errors. EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

THE MAKING OF VICTORIAN ENGLAND

G. Kitson Clark, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, recently gave a broadcast version of his Ford Lectures to Oxford University in three parts in the Third Programme.

The first of these three broadcast talks, entitled 'The Impersonal Agents' will be published next week in

THE LISTENER
and B.B.C. Television Review

When paying your life assurance premiums,
do you ever ask yourself:

How are my savings looked after?



The Life Offices have a long record of safe and profitable use of the money entrusted to them by policyholders. The funds are invested by experts with special knowledge of long-term investment problems, the guiding principle being the security and benefit of the policyholders.

Life Assurance is a business in which a very large proportion of the profits, usually 90 per cent or more, is returned in the form of bonuses to with-profit policyholders. And much more than most businesses it is concerned with *people*. You'll find that your Life Office has an understanding attitude to your personal problems.

You get a good deal from

Life Assurance

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

March 1-7

Wednesday, March 1

The *Daily Mirror* announces that it has gained control of Odhams Press

Sir Patrick Renison, Governor of Kenya, says he cannot yet release Jomo Kenyatta, the former leader of Mau-Mau, but will move him nearer to Nairobi

France says she will continue with atomic tests in the Sahara desert

President Bourguiba of Tunisia has talks in Morocco with Ferhat Abbas, the Algerian rebel leader

Thursday, March 2

Congolese troops run wild in Luluabourg and kill forty-four African civilians

Sir Roy Welensky, Rhodesian Federal Prime Minister, threatens to resign if the British proposals on Northern Rhodesia remain unchanged

Joseph Ortiz, one of the leaders of the revolt in Algeria last year, is sentenced to death in his absence by a French military court

Friday, March 3

Britain and the United States agree in principle on new proposals to submit to the Russians when the talks on nuclear tests reopen in Geneva on March 21

Britain protests to France over interception last week off Algeria of the cargo ship the 'West Breeze'

Six people are arrested after demonstrations at Holy Loch against the arrival of U.S. nuclear submarine depot-ship

Saturday, March 4

West Germany announces that she is re-valuing the mark upward by five per cent.

Clashes between United Nations troops and Congolese forces are reported at two ports

Sunday, March 5

Leaders of the Kenya Africa National Union say their party will not take part in a new government while Jomo Kenyatta is detained

Miners on unofficial strike in Yorkshire vote to return to work

Temperatures reach sixty-five degrees over southern England

Monday, March 6

The Sudan decides to withdraw its troops from the U.N. force in the Congo

Labour M.P.s protest at Government's decision to limit discussion on National Health Bills

George Formby, the comedian, dies aged fifty-six

Tuesday, March 7

Mr. Nehru, Prime Minister of India, and Mr. Diefenbaker, Prime Minister of Canada, arrive in London for the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' conference

In a memorandum to the Royal Commission the Police Federation asks for a public relations organization for the police



Most of the Prime Ministers of the Commonwealth countries arrived in London last weekend to attend the conference which opened at Lancaster House yesterday. Above: Dr. Verwoerd of South Africa leaving London Airport on Saturday accompanied by Mr. Duncan Sandys, Secretary for Commonwealth Relations; South Africa becomes a Republic on May 31. Among the subjects to be discussed at the conference are disarmament, foreign policy, and the trend of events in Africa



Sir Roy Welensky, Rhodesian Federal Prime Minister, waves from his aircraft on arrival last Saturday for the plenary sessions of the conference with members of the Government to discuss proposals for Northern Rhodesia





er, leaving
attending
aving talks
stitutional



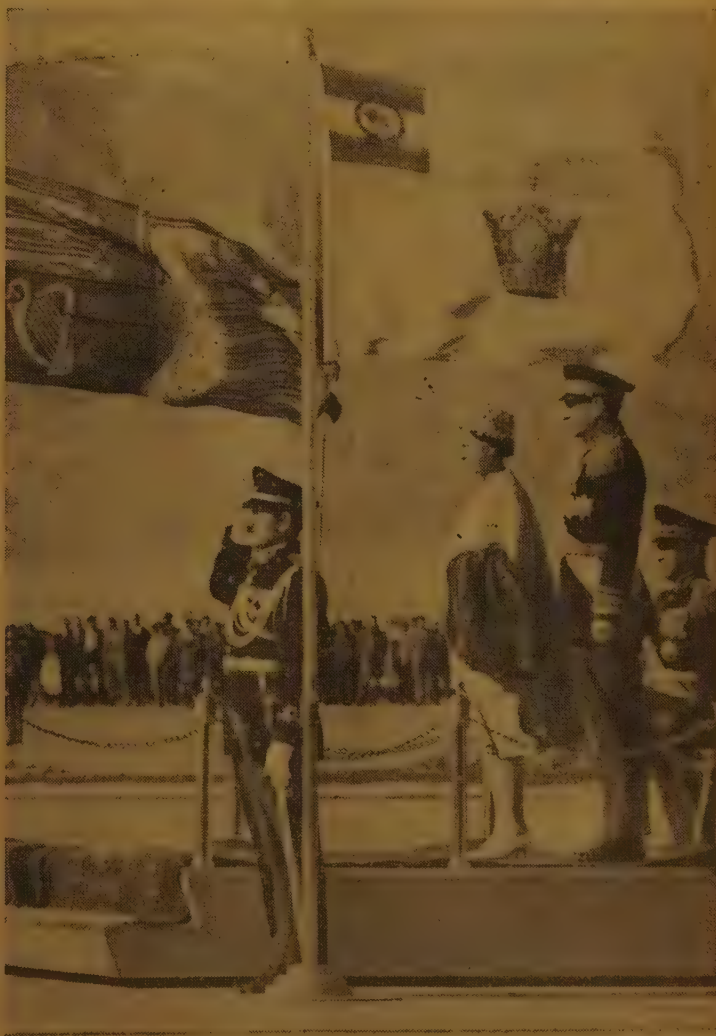
Mrs. Bandaranaike, Prime Minister of Ceylon, arriving at London Airport on March 4 with her son. Mrs. Bandaranaike is the first woman to take part in the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' conference



Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, Prime Minister of Nigeria (right), being welcomed at London Airport last Sunday by the High Commissioner for Nigeria, Alhaji Abdul Maliki



s of the crew of U.S.S. 'Proteus' looking at their new surroundings as the ship in Holy Loch in the Firth of Clyde on March 4. The 18,000-ton vessel is the depot for a fleet of American nuclear-powered submarines carrying Polaris missiles which are to be based in the loch. *Left:* a view of the 'Proteus' as she prepared to berth



The Queen standing with the Shah of Persia to take the salute during the official ceremony of welcome at Teheran airport on March 2. The state visit to Persia ended the royal tour in Asia; Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh arrived home on March 6

JANE DUNCAN

MY FRIEND ANNIE

The fourth of Jane Duncan's highly enjoyable 'Friends'—perhaps not the most likeable of them but certainly the most fascinating. 16s

WILLIAM COOPER

SCENES FROM MARRIED LIFE

Fourth Printing. 'Has the bouncing gaiety of Mr. Cooper's first book. (*Scenes From Provincial Life*). Both funny and original.'—*The Times Literary Supplement*
BOOK SOCIETY CHOICE 16s

W. B. YEATS

ESSAYS AND INTRODUCTIONS

'Rich in phrase, intuitions, and that ever-flashing sense of sheer verbal beauty which in his verse makes him a major, unique in his authority'—RICHARD CHURCH
John O'London's 36s

ELIZABETH COXHEAD

LADY GREGORY

The first literary portrait of this important Irish figure. 'Elizabeth Coxhead is a story-teller and handles beautifully the life of her heroine'—*The Times*
Illustrated 30s

EDWARD WAKEFORD

A PRIZE FOR ART

'A peculiar freshness of observation... here is an elegant and witty painter looking back at his own early life'—*The Times* 25s

CANON J. B. GOODLIFFE

SCHOOL CHAPLAIN

An important and fascinating book in which the author's experiences of religious education and his conclusions are relevant and extremely entertaining. 15s

coming soon

ANTONY BRETT-JAMES

WELLINGTON AT WAR

A selection from the Duke's letters, dispatches, diaries and recorded conversations from 1794 to 1815
March 16 *Illustrated* 42s

MACMILLAN

FABER BOOKS

Passing Time

L'Emploi du Temps

MICHEL BUTOR. "Novel or anti-novel, *Passing Time* is an engrossing and masterly book—indeed a book which must be read by anyone interested in the art of fiction"—*THE TIMES*. 21/-

Solstices

LOUIS MACNEICE'S first volume of new poems for several years. Recommended by the Poetry Book Society. (March 10) 12/6

Muntu

An outline of Neo-African Culture

JANHEINZ JAHN. "It is a delight to come upon a book, amid the hasty flood of modern Africana, that really illuminates the background to African thought and offers a key to deeper understanding".—BASIL DAVIDSON, *THE GUARDIAN*. With 17 plates. (March 10) 30/-

A Russian Childhood

E. N. VODOVOSOVA "scores a hundred times over... an irresistibly lively, varied, touching and authentic account of a childhood as eventful as any in nineteenth century literature".—VERA LINDSAY, *SUNDAY TIMES*. 18/-

A Breath of Fresh Air

F. C. BALL. *Second Impression*. "It is all immensely readable and perceptive: a shrewd and factual description of a small working-class family and their environment."—*TRIBUNE*. 18/-

The Watershed

REGINALD PAYNE. "Fate dealt Mr Payne the equivalent of four aces in a poker hand from the point of view of amusing autobiography".—*THE TIMES*. 18/-

The Chinese Puppet Theatre

SERGEI OBRAZTSOV. "The Chinese have an old and fascinating tradition of puppetry, with rod puppets, marionettes, glove puppets and shadow shows, and Obraztsov has something of interest to say about each of these... Valuable for its personal observations and its many photographs".—*THE GUARDIAN*. With 37 photographs. 18/-

Chinese Decorative Art

MARTIN FEDDERSEN. This standard work, now fully brought up to date from the second German edition of 1955, is the only existing book that covers the whole field of Chinese decorative art of all periods in one volume. With 229 photographs, 8 of them in colour, a map and 2 charts. 45/-

NEW BOOKS from Harrap

THE VATICAN FROM WITHIN

CORRADO PALLENBERG

"A brilliantly informative book. It is also honest and objective". *Catholic Digest* 21/-

THE ROME ESCAPE LINE (3rd Imp)

SAM DERRY

"In her more imaginative moments Baroness Orczy never wrote a more stirring work of fiction than this recital of facts". *Illustrated London News* 16/-

2nd Impression

FLORA ROBSON

Janet Dunbar's vivid biography of this great actress, interviewed recently on the TV programme, "This Is Your Life". *Illustrated* 21/-

MY FRIEND RIK

JAN VAN RHEENEN

This story of a Rottweiler, "will delight those who regard dogs as if they were human beings only rather more so."—*Evening Standard*. 12/6

CRAFT & CONTEMPORARY CULTURE

SEONAIID ROBERTSON

The whole position of crafts in the technologically advanced western countries is discussed in detail. *Illustrated* 17/6

SCIENCE IN WRITING

T. R. HENN

This selection and examination of scientific writings shows the memorable use of prose in various fields of science. It should prove an invaluable book to scientists. 20/-

Harley St. Psychiatrist Harley St. Hypnotist

ALAN MITCHELL

The numerous cases described in these two books provide background information to the "Lifeline" programme on BBC television. each 15/-

Spring Books

Our Changing Culture

The Long Revolution. By Raymond Williams. Chatto and Windus. 30s.

Reviewed by RICHARD HOGGART

MR. Williams's new book has three parts: a first section of general theory; a middle section of detailed applications; and finally a more direct statement about present-day Britain. The 'Long Revolution' is the involved process of social change over the last few centuries. This book is, of course, closely complementary to *Culture and Society*. With it (and with his novel *Border Country*), Mr. Williams tells us, he has completed the first phase of the work he has set himself. The shape, and the characteristic pressure, of his thought can now be more fully understood. His theme, as we know already, is 'culture as a whole way of life' (not 'culture' as 'the arts' alone, nor 'culture' only in the anthropologists' sense). To attempt so wide and bold a synthesis is in itself unusual. But Mr. Williams goes further.

Fundamentally, in all his work, he is urging a better understanding of the nature of cultural change ('What I mainly offer is this sense of the process'). By change he means not simply chronological variation but growth, 'a growth in consciousness'; and a growth made by human beings in societies. In his first section here he argues that we 'literally create (our) own world'; and that we are all, in different ways, creative. I do not know how far neurologists, other than those from whom he draws, will find his argument convincing. Certainly, though this does not in itself weaken it, the argument accords well with Mr. Williams's natural disposition.

In the selected studies of British cultural development (in education, the press, speech and so on) which occupy the second section, Mr. Williams aims, by giving a historical perspective, 'to reduce the area of mystification and prejudice'. They reinforce, that is, his charge that unduly limiting assumptions lie behind many of our common attitudes; and so emphasize the case for conscious and co-operative change. Mr. Williams ranges too widely here not to invite contradiction from specialists in individual areas. He would ask, I think, only that they distinguish between those objections which are properly scholarly objections and those which are fed precisely by the assumptions, the disinclination to accept the very idea of change, which he is challenging.

At bottom (and his final section here, as in *Culture and Society*, shows this most clearly), Mr. Williams's own writing is fed by an unusual energy, a direct muscularity, in the face of experience. This is what I meant to indicate earlier in speaking of 'the characteristic pressure' of his thought. I have noted some words he uses very frequently (sometimes rather like incantations):

active, growth, living tension, creative, extension, shaping, effort, interaction, movement, positive, flexibility, range of choices, discovery, new meanings, direction, energy, development.

Mr. Williams, it is clear, is purposive and positive (he is also analytic, very intelligent, patient, and never 'knowing'—though he occasionally labours a point, goes round and round in patterns of abstractions). He has, in addition, an exceptionally strong 'sense of community'. The Welsh village setting of *Border Country* may help to explain how he acquired this sense, but does not explain it away; the fine command shown in his chapter on 'Realism and the Contemporary Novel' here does not grow out of arrested longing.

In this more general area, too, many people will wish to dispute with Mr. Williams. It would be easy, for instance, to suggest that his positiveness and his sense of community are really an elaborately-phrased form of Utopianism, of group-progressivism. But such a reaction might well be inspired by the habitual intellectual 'outsiderdom' he analyses. We have to check our own assumptions as carefully as he checks his, when we oppose. Thus, to take a particular instance first, I think his almost unqualified

insistence on the social nature of art undervalues the 'play', the 'for its own sake', element. But in concluding that, I have to be sure that I am not producing defensively another version of individualist aestheticism. More important, I think Mr. Williams, in his admiration for the sense of community, dismisses too easily the view that we are after all (in his words) 'bare human beings'. He does not crudely subordinate the individual to the group; but still he passes lightly over the weight of isolated consciousness. I believe—and I hope this does not sound pretentious; I cannot find more suitable words—that our experience is more fortuitous, strange, 'unaccommodated' and finally (though this need not be dispiriting) solitary, than he implies. But again, I have to try to separate this attitude from a fashionable individualist *angst*.

The gap between our feelings and our social observation is dangerously wide': Mr. Williams is asking, in a period of confused change, that we consider which of our assumptions are disabling legacies; that we discard hampering formulations ('mass man', height of brows and so on). He is, more particularly, asking for 'a participating democracy', one in which narking from the sidelines is not so common: 'the whole society is moving and the most urgent issue is the creation of new and relevant institutions'. As he would be among the first to point out, there are many areas here which call for fuller attention than he has been able to give them. But his general case for better understanding of social change and for better participation would be hard to evade.

Beyond Calculation

My Work. By Le Corbusier. Architectural Press. £4 4s.

INVENTION; CLARITY OF LINE; a masterly sense of scale: these are qualities that have marked the work of Le Corbusier the painter, the designer and the architect, from his early youth at La Chaux-de-Fonds (where he was born as Charles-Edouard Jeanneret in 1887) to his maturity as the world's greatest architectural teacher. When one recalls that Le Corbusier—as well as Picasso—has been called 'a pavement artist', one can only exclaim 'What an artist!' And in view of the almost universal spread of his influence—'What a pavement!'

Those who want to set up the perspective of Le Corbusier's life can now do so with the help of this new book which he has written and illustrated. James Palmes, the Librarian of the Royal Institute of British Architects, has translated sympathetically into English the well-nigh untranslatable text and captions. But it is the illustrations that have the clarity and sense of proportion and show the tireless invention of their creator. For Le Corbusier encloses space to create his buildings; and locates his buildings so as to enhance space. If you doubt this, look at the views from the top of the Marseilles block, the situation of the monastery of La Tourette, and the Capitol at Chandigarh.

This is a book to buy (if you can afford it) and to look at long and often. But perhaps not to read. For outside the plastic arts—that is to say in the realms of autobiography, or sociology, or logic—although the same clarity appears, and the same powers of invention, the arguments do not seem to reveal a truth, as his drawings do. There is something approaching a persecution complex in his sardonic accounts of project after project misunderstood, ignored, refused, and eventually plagiarized; and while there is a list at the end of the book of 'Those Who Helped...', many of the aphorisms, slogans, and challenges that occur in the writing are obviously directed against 'Those Who Did Not...'

His complaint is justifiable. It seems necessary to him, in fact, to have this opposition even at a time when his views are very widely accepted. Certainly he cannot be imagined basking in the mild sunlight of academic success. Five years ago he refused membership of the *Institut de France* in these terms: 'Thank you, never! My name would serve as a barrier to conceal the present evolution of the *Ecole des Beaux-Arts* towards a superficial modernism!' Fortunately for the rest of us, these battles are not entirely destructive. Le Corbusier has not only drawn attention to what is dead and unproductive in the Beaux-Arts system; he has reviewed what was good in it and given it a fresh look. For example, in his appreciation of Roman planning and also in his own outline of 1922 for a city of three million inhabitants, *Une Ville Contemporaine*, the virtues he points to are really Beaux-Arts virtues.

He has fired them with his own peculiar genius. These renewals and re-statements (contradictory though some of them may be) are, in his own words, infused with 'passion'. In *Urbanism*, published in 1925, when talking of civic engineering and of technical skill, he wrote: 'It is only Architecture which can give all the things that go beyond calculation'.

WILLIAM HOLFORD

An Elizabethan Discovery

The Autobiography of Thomas Whythorne
Edited by James M. Osborn. Oxford. 45s.

NOW AND AGAIN some fortunate man fulfils the historian's day-dream by hitting upon a real find. Such a one is Mr. Osborn, the discoverer, and for a time the owner, of a genuine Elizabethan autobiography, the earliest of its kind. Thomas Whythorne has been known as a writer of songs and madrigals in the generation before the full flowering of Elizabethan poetry. His reputation has not been high, his person a virtual blank. The *Dictionary of National Biography* called him 'an amateur with an inordinate belief in his own powers', though Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians* judged more kindly of his efforts. Now, presenting the first forty-five years or so of his life in over 290 pages of his own writing, he will surely become the best-known of his breed, in danger of being thought 'typical'. It may be said at once that the *D.N.B.* erred sadly in calling him an amateur, though its doubts of his achievement seem to me strikingly confirmed by this book. Mr. Osborn has produced his splendid find with perfect skill, explaining only what is necessary, and especially identifying Whythorne's many idiomatic and proverbial usages, which one might otherwise have ascribed to an imagination he did not possess. Because Whythorne was, among other things, a spelling reformer, Mr. Osborn has rendered his writing exactly; however, we are promised a modernized version for the 'general reader' who, after a glance at all these thorns and inferior dots, may be inclined to wait for it.

Born into the minor gentry in 1528 and educated at Oxford,

Whythorne showed an early liking for music and poetry and chose to become a professional teacher. His career consisted of a succession of tutorial posts in the households of various gentlemen and merchants where he taught music (singing and playing) to their sons and daughters and, according to his view of it, suffered frequent pursuit by his employers' wives whom only his uprightness, struggling against natural inclinations, saved from indiscretions. The high point of his professional life came when

Archbishop Parker made him master of his music in 1571, though Parker's death, four years later, seemingly left him unemployed for the remaining twenty years of his life. Written just before these declining years, the autobiography tells the story of a bachelor with no permanent base (though he usually kept a chamber in London for convenience), drifting from job to job and friend to friend, interspersing this routine with a two years' tour round Europe and a brief sojourn at Cambridge as private tutor to an undergraduate there; the story of a man living through many experiences with his



Monastery of La Tourette

From 'My Work'

eyes open and his pen ever ready—disastrously ready—to versify upon every occasion. Digressions interrupt the narrative—a long and dull one on the solaces of religion, a longer and fascinating one on the history and importance of music. There is much incidental information on the life and manners of the time, though not a reference to kings or queens and hardly one to the great religious upheavals. A cautious protestant, he seems to have turned to religion only when the possibility of death grew pressing. The book sees Elizabethan society from quite a new angle; there is much of vital importance as well as many small touches—the curious fact that this handsome music teacher almost never met his charges' fathers, his experiences with the publishing trade, the Cambridge courtesy of 'giving the wall', the stories and conversations reported verbatim, the silly graffiti on some wall to which he added a pompous couplet in reproof.

The man who emerges is not, however, over-attractive, and the poet here recorded is nearly always pretty platitudinous and dull. There are some good things, such as a spirited and mildly bawdy ballad on a friar, or the vigorous doggerel of the long poem describing his European journey. The lyrical and meditative verse, most of the latter religious, usually scans and rhymes well enough but is excessively conventional in thought and uninspiring in vocabulary and execution. There are the usual rhymed versions of the psalms. The book throws much interesting light on the working of his poetic impulse which was almost painfully *d'occasion*. Thus a song written to renounce a friendship contains what one would suppose to be a conventional and quite pretty line: 'and do no further climb / but go another way'; but Whythorne explains that the 'climb' was there because his friend's house stood on a high hill! Vastly well read, he had the kind of learning which can find an apt answer to any question in somebody else's book.

Furthermore, he was really a very complacent man. The fact is disguised by his constant introspection: he is for ever looking into his own and other people's motives, but he always finds his own good and the rest marked by duplicity and inconstancy. His relations with women were peculiar; though at pains to assure the reader of his interest in sex and the sex, he reports only

temptations avoided. He came nearest to matrimony with a widow who earned his fiercest resentment by breaking things off after more than half-promises: she made out that she could not trust her own temperament to preserve peace in the marriage, but the reader who has followed her suitor through 200 pages and several innocent *amours* may wonder if she did not read him better than he knew. Still, he married in the end, after the period covered in the book. All told, Whythorne gives much away about a temperament which was often selfish and small-minded, but also mercurial and alert, and about a talent which, though cherished with devotion, rarely rose to the second-rate. If only he had stuck to his very excellent prose! The book is stuffed full with his 'sonnets' (his word for any poem), all referred to their occasion and usually preceded by a prose narrative which in effect they merely repeat. Yet in the upshot one is left with a liking for this proto-autobiographer and his book; his real passion for his muse excuses much, even her failure to do better by him.

G. R. ELTON

Passionate Pilgrim

The First Five Lives of Annie Besant

By Arthur H. Nethercot. Hart-Davis. 42s.

ANNIE BESANT WAS one of the most fascinating women of the Victorian era, but despite her own brilliantly etched self-portrait and some useful monographs she has not until now achieved a worthy biographer. Four hundred pages of tiny type by a university professor from the mid-West may not sound promising, especially as this is only a first instalment, but in fact, far from writing a heavy transatlantic academic thesis, Professor Nethercot has given us a narrative of vivid interest, which is both a valuable contribution to nineteenth-century scholarship and a delight to read. It is a notable achievement. On only one point can the author be faulted, his hazy knowledge of English law, which causes him to mix up English legal procedures in a manner which will make more than pedants wince. It is odd, too, that throughout the book he should give an incorrect title for *Fruits of Philosophy*, the little volume which was first to bring Mrs. Besant nation-wide fame.

Annie Wood, although three-quarters Irish, was born in London in 1847. Her father died when she was five and her intense emotions focused equally on her mother and her religion. She supplemented her devotions by recourse to flagellation which, Mr. Nethercot darkly (and probably correctly) hints, sprang from a repressed sexuality. While still under the influence of these early religious transports she drifted into a disastrous marriage with Frank Besant, a cold, meticulous, Anglican clergyman, a union doomed not only by their temperamental incompatibility, but also by Annie's happy and total ignorance of the existence of a sexual side to marriage. What ensued was such a shock that in all her later intimate relationships with men sexuality never played anything more than a covert role.

Frustrated and unhappy, Annie first flirted with Romanism and then swayed towards atheism, neither exactly desirable in a vicar's wife, and in her agony she sought out (of all people) Dr. Pusey, who instead of consoling her, repelled her as the 'epitome of priestcraft', pitiful for the sinner but iron to the heretic. Abandoning both her husband and her religion, she took up the cause of rationalism from which sprang her friendship with Charles Bradlaugh, one of the central relationships of her life. Their joint publication of the first English tract on birth control, curiously entitled *Fruits of Philosophy*, made her the centre of her first *cause célèbre*. After a dramatic trial, during which the circulation of *Fruits* went up from a few hundred to over a hundred thousand—prosecutors never learn—they were both acquitted. As a sequel she was deprived of the custody of her daughter, a harrowing occasion, but Annie made the most of it. Before the court officials could descend to remove their charge, she had whisked her on to a lecture platform where she was tearfully displayed, and subsequently this brutal separation of mother and child provided her with excellent copy with which to wring the hearts of a sentimental public.

Her efforts in the free thought cause were indomitable, but she still found time to take up science, being unfortunate in her choice of mentor, a Dr. Aveling, who under the guise of imparting biological data seduced his students and misappropriated their microscopes. Next, under the influence of Bernard Shaw, whom she first dismissed as a 'loafer', she was converted to Fabianism, but ironic gradualism could not satisfy her ardent spirit, and she became a fully-fledged socialist. She organized a successful strike of the Bryant and May match girls, founded a girls' club, and threw herself into a mass of trade union and philanthropic activities, all faithfully catalogued by her biographer. Yet both rationalism and socialism began to pall, and her soaring spirit fretted to be released from their dreary formularies. As a result, when Madame Blavatsky's sublime farrago of nonsense and mysticism *The Secret Doctrine* arrived for review, she was swept away. A meeting with H. P. B. herself completed the conversion. 'Oh my dear Mrs. Besant', said the prophetess, excoriating her with her saucer-like blue eyes, 'if you would come among us!' And that is just what she did, with her heart, as H. P. B. put it, 'filled to the brim with pure unadulterated theosophy and enthusiasm'. So successfully did she 'come among them' that the mantle of the eventually defunct and incinerated Madame B. was carried off by Annie in the process. On the eve of her departure to her 'motherland' of India, Mr. Nethercot obliges us to take temporary and reluctant leave of her.

Superficially Annie Besant's career looks ludicrously inconsistent, a violent swing from orthodox Christianity to rationalist atheism, and finally to an especially esoteric form of mysticism. Yet her life has an underlying unity imposed by her own unique and extraordinary character. She was born to believe and determined to martyr herself for a cause. Her highly suggestible nature left her open to the influence of a number of remarkable men and one remarkable woman H. P. B., who in fact had more masculine than feminine qualities. Despite almost continual turbulence she remained faithful to theosophy until she died. Within its cloudy categories her questing spirit could expand free of the fetters which a more orthodox creed would have imposed. The passionate pilgrim had found her true home.

NORMAN ST. JOHN-STEVAS

'Richard'

Narrative of a Child Analysis

By Melanie Klein. Hogarth Press. £3 15s.

'YES, SIR', a schoolboy of seventeen once remarked to me, in slightly depressed tones, 'I'm a Freudian myself'. After a pause, he sagely added: 'I have been, for some years'. He did not mean that he was a psycho-analyst; and I knew that he had not been analysed. In his sense, and in that sense alone, I am a Kleinian myself; I have been, for some years. I mean, and can mean only, that I have found the later developments from Freud associated with Mrs. Klein's name profoundly interesting, disturbing, surprising, and difficult, but gradually understandable and illuminating. She was not, as a writer, persuasive: though it should be remembered that her later works were not written in her native language. She apparently wrote for duty not for pleasure, and was possibly not her own best expositor. Her work is probably best approached by way of her collaborators; and it is perhaps through the work of these—Hanna Segal on aesthetics, Joan Riviere on literature, R. E. Money-Kyrle on politics, Adrian Stokes on painting and architecture—that Mrs. Klein's work will penetrate, if it ever does, into the general consciousness: though even as I say this, I remember how often I have thought that the brief impressive culmination of her work, *Envy and Gratitude*, may one day be accounted an accessible classic. The fine distillation of years of study, it has at times an austere eloquence which keeps some of its observations intact in one's memory.

It is fairly well known that Mrs. Klein's work centred on the psycho-analytical treatment of children by means of interpreting their play; that she pressed back analytical investigation to the earliest post-natal days; and that her discoveries have much

influenced psycho-analytical ideas about the deepest roots of adult conflict, and about the content of psychotic illnesses. Like Freud, she did not regard her work as something that would be finished by herself: she knew it would be continued, extended, and where necessary modified, after her death. She now is dead, and it is a matter for sadness that she did not live to see her last work in print. Primarily, indeed all but wholly, the book is addressed to other analysts; and their comments, whether of approval or dissent, can alone be of any real moment. This was, and remains, true of Freud also. But neither of these two geniuses was contemptuous of appreciation outside their own spheres of activity. And, for better or worse, there are and always will be a considerable number of people who find their appreciation of life enriched by a knowledge of the depths which only psycho-analysis can touch; who are not wholly contented with their own intuition; and who feel an undefinable trust in a psychological study which is untainted by mystical, philosophical, religious or ethical predisposition and which avoids both complacency and the impulse to placate. For such people Freud and his noble associates, Abraham, Ferenczi, Ernest Jones (and I would myself add Fenichel), have a permanently compelling interest; and Melanie Klein is their major continuator.

Her *Narrative of a Child Analysis* is a very long book, and is as detailed an account as we are ever likely to have (this side sheer unreadability) of the nature and course of an analysis. Each of the ninety-three sessions is accorded a separate chapter. The author states that the analysis was not wholly typical. It was known from the start that, for various reasons, it could last only four months; it was therefore bound to be very incomplete; and the usual analytical conditions could not be completely observed. On the other hand the patient, a boy of ten, proved capable of unusual insight and co-operativeness, so that even in four months a considerable amelioration of his condition took place. The time was 1941, the scene was a Welsh village, the analytic playroom was a hired makeshift used at other times by girl guides; it was impossible for analyst and patient to avoid occasional accidental encounters outside the analytic hour. Within such limitations, the normal procedures of child analysis were followed.

Fortuitously, these limitations provide an unexpectedly picturesque element which makes the book more readable than it might otherwise be. And the book, judged simply as a book, needs such help. For case-histories are notoriously difficult reading. It seems possible that the deeper they go, and the more insistently repetitive they become as the material is 'worked through', the more they threaten to approach the ravaged contents of our own repressed inner world. We react with anxiety, and defend ourselves against this by boredom or fatigue. One can, in everyday life, feel the same thing when people recount their dreams. This makes the *Narrative* a book for the very hardened campaigner. It is sometimes with great relief that one comes to the theoretical comments at the end of each chapter.

All the same, the book creates a very real world: the distressed, intelligent, appealing child himself; the village, peopled with his imaginary persecutors; the landscape which was part of his freer and happier moments; his family, his friends, his dog; the irruptive girl guides; the painted bus-conductress, and numerous other figures including Mrs. Klein's husband, known to be dead, but regularly treated in the boy's phantasies as alive; Europe at war outside, painfully nourishing the boy's inner conflicts: all these become uncannily operative in one's own mind, as one seems to move in and out of the boy's unconscious and to shift from patient to analyst and back again. I have hinted that it is a book that has to be read piecemeal; but so vivid is the whole picture, so moving and heartening the boy's irregular steps towards insight, happiness and integration, so real the feeling of the unconscious yielding up to consciousness its good as well as its bad, that I do not doubt that in the course of time the book and its characters will become points of reference outside psycho-analytical literature as well as in. It is a curious compliment, no doubt, to say that this book has some of the forcefulness and reality of a great work of fiction; nevertheless I have provisionally put it on the same shelf as *Finnegans Wake* and *War and Peace*, with which it seems to me to have other things than mere size and difficulty in common.

HENRY REED

Creative Bookselling

Rosenbach: A Biography. By Edwin Wolf II with John Fleming. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £3 3s.

LIKE OTHER SUCH crafty characters as Ulysses or W. G. Grace, Dr. Rosenbach was, in his own line, of heroic mould. The authors of his *Odyssey* describe him as 'selfish, petty, grasping, vain-glorious, drunken, and opinionated, and at the same time generous, warm, scholarly, amusing, loyal, and sympathetic'; and after reading the 588 pages of this admirable biography, one cannot disagree with any of these epithets.

Rosenbach emerged at a highly propitious moment, when Pierpoint Morgan, Huntington, Folger, and the other millionaire collectors were in full career. Within a comparatively few years he established himself as the Napoleon of the rare book trade, dominating the auction rooms at all the great book-sales of the period—Hoe, Huth, Britwell, and the rest. How did he manage it? As a business man he was not particularly efficient; he was unpunctual and unreliable in his financial affairs; he was dilatory, even to the extent of leaving a wealthy collector's first letter of inquiry unanswered for six months. And he suffered the oddest handicap in his elder brother Philip, the senior partner in the firm. The Rosenbach Company dealt not only in rare books and manuscripts, but also in furniture, furnishings, ornaments, etchings, and general *bric-à-brac*. These latter were Philip's province. Mr. Edwin Wolf describes how Philip, a self-assured young dandy 'with mustache stylishly long and drooping', established a gift shop in Philadelphia, lovingly financed by a sugar-baron's wealthy mistress, Mrs. Isabella Fishblatt. Young Abie meanwhile had developed a taste for bibliophilia and Eng.Lit. in the antiquarian bookstore of an octogenarian uncle, Moses Polock; and after a moderately successful college career, obtained his doctorate with a thesis on 'The influence of Spanish Literature in the Elizabethan and Stuart drama'. What more reasonable than that Abie should join Philip and that the gift shop should take over Uncle Mo's stock-in-trade? So the Rosenbach Company was floated, with Philip as president, and A.S.W. as secretary-treasurer at half the salary. And to the end of his life the great Dr. Rosenbach, the terror of the salerooms, was chivvied, stormed at, and generally pushed around by his big brother—though it was the rare book department that recouped the losses incurred by grandiose but usually disastrous projects in the furnishing line.

But to set off these disabilities, Rosenbach had a fantastic flair for essentials. He did not bother much about the staple trade of selling books through catalogues to a wide clientèle; he concentrated, hard, on the millionaires; and when a Huntington or a Harper died, Providence provided in their place a Harkness or a Houghton. In the early days, with his impressive knowledge of Elizabethan literature and his eloquent enthusiasm for early quartos, he could dazzle embryo collectors into spending even beyond their millionaire incomes. Few could resist his moving appeals—'Don't cry, Doctor! I'll take them', said Edward S. Harkness, and bought the lot for \$550,000. Later, when there emerged a younger generation of book-collectors who were more knowledgeable in bibliographical matters than the Doctor himself, his own genuine knowledge and genuine enthusiasm still won their confidence, and even their affection. His fellow-booksellers, however, were allergic to his charm.

Both Mr. Edwin Wolf and his collaborator Mr. John Fleming worked for twenty years or more as assistants to Rosenbach, and had access to fifty years' unsorted accumulation of the Rosenbach papers. But this plethora of material is judiciously digested, and the world of big bookselling is displayed like an Aladdin's Cave of incalculable treasure that leaves any bibliophile breathless with awe and envy. The detailed survey of Rosenbach's activities makes clear the creative part that he played in the formation of several of the finest collections in the world—the Rosenwald collection of William Blake, for instance, or the Keats room in the Houghton Library at Harvard. The counterpart to his salesmanship was his flair for discovering unknown or unexploited caches of rare books and manuscripts. The tale of his foray into Ireland, and of the 'burgling' of the entailed library of 'Helen's Tower' at Clendeboye, is highly comic. But one reads with anguish the full story

SPRING

Britain in World Affairs by LORD STRANG. A survey of the fluctuation in British power and influence, from Henry VIII to Elizabeth II, by a former Permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office. With Faber and Faber. April. 30s

Are you Hungry, are you Cold by LUDWIG BEMELMANS. A sparkling novel of rebellious youth, the best thing he has done. April. 15s

BOOKS

Love and Like by HERBERT GOLD. The first publication in Great Britain of one of the most exciting writers America has produced. A Broadway play based on this volume of stories will soon be produced. 16s

The Coral Barrier by PIERRE GASCAR. A faultlessly conceived and beautifully written novel about the love between an Italian man and a Somali girl. March. 10s 6d

FROM

The Scandalous Regent by W. H. LEWIS. The life of Philippe, duc d'Orléans, nephew of Louis XIV and Regent of France, a hero hard to whitewash but full of interest and entertainment. April. 21s

Kreuger: Genius & Swindler by ROBERT SHAPLEN. A biography of the 'Match King', perpetrator of the biggest fraud in the history of international finance. April. 21s

ANDRE

Still Water Fly-Fishing by T. C. IVINS. A revised and much enlarged edition of an accepted classic. 'I recommend it warmly'. Bernard Venables. April. Illustrated. 21s

Photographic Books: additions to the Bruna series are *Women of Israel* and *The Little Five* (Andorra, Liechtenstein, Monte Carlo, San Marino, and the Vatican City), each containing about 100 photographs. 8s 6d each

DEUTSCH

BETH DAY

This Was Hollywood

The inside story of Hollywood in its golden era

18s. net

EDGAR A. MOWRER

A Good Time to be Alive

A provocative challenge to the Western world by a winner of the Pulitzer Prize

15s. net

GERALD HAMILTON

Jacaranda

An original and highly personal impression of South Africa which will provoke wide interest and profound disagreement

21s. net

Sidgwick & Jackson

PHAIDON

— SPRING 1961 —

BRUEGEL DRAWINGS

Complete edition of the drawings of Pieter Bruegel the Elder by Ludwig Munz. Over 200 illustrations, text, catalogue raisonné. 12 x 9". Ready May. 3 gns.

ARCHAIC GRAVESTONES OF ATTICA

A definitive study by Gisela Richter. 172 illustrations, 50 diagrams and photos of inscriptions, text, catalogue. 12 x 9". Ready end of April 3½ gns.

THE ART OF CONSTANTINOPLE

An introduction to Byzantine Art by John Beckwith. 200 illustrations, 192 pages text, notes, glossary. 10 x 7". Ready May. 32s 6d.



PLEASE WRITE FOR DETAILS

5 CROMWELL PLACE · LONDON SW7

JUST PUBLISHED

Dr Schweitzer of Lambaréné

NORMAN COUSINS

An intimate study of Schweitzer at work, by a shrewd observer and talented writer who brings the man to life out of the stubborn legends about him, and faces squarely a number of criticisms and paradoxes. With 45 photographs. 20s. net

STANDARD BOOKS ON DR. SCHWEITZER

ALBERT SCHWEITZER

The Man and His Mind

GEORGE SEAVER

28s. net

ALBERT SCHWEITZER

An Introduction

JACQUES FESCHOTTE

7s. 6d. net

The World of

ALBERT SCHWEITZER

Told in photographs by

ERICA ANDERSON

30s. net

A. & C. BLACK

ALFRED O. ALDRIDGE

Man of Reason

The Life of Tom Paine

"He was a very human being: and the present biography, eclipsing all its predecessors, is a very human story, sometimes humdrum, sometimes rather sordid, but taken altogether an effective picture of one of the greatest Englishmen."

A. J. P. TAYLOR. *Observer*

25s.

JOHN MARLOWE

Arab

Nationalism and

British

Imperialism

"This is in many ways the best modern book that I have read about the Middle East." *Evening Standard*
"Mr. Marlowe is a perceptive and hard-hitting author who knows his subject well." *Observer*

30s.

J. H. PLUMB

Sir Robert

Walpole

The King's Minister

"With a literary skill that equals his gifts of perception and scholarship Dr. Plumb makes the authentic Walpole stand out as large as life from the printed page."

C. V. WEDGWOOD. *Spectator*

Illustrated

30s.

CRESSET

Professor

A. H. Armstrong

and

R. A. Markus

CHRISTIAN FAITH

AND

GREEK PHILOSOPHY

15s.

From many approving reviews:

"This deserves to become a standard work. Only someone familiar with the sources could be aware of how much the authors have read and interpreted. What reads as an easy and intelligible narrative conceals scholarship at its unobtrusive best." *Alasdair MacIntyre in The Guardian.*

"An exceedingly perceptive book. The fruit of much learning and clear thinking. Its slender appearance is deceptive. It is full of illumination for all who teach early Christian doctrine." *T.L.S.*

DARTON, LONGMAN & TODD

N.S.S.U.

The

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE READING ASSOCIATION

offers you

● the Scholarship of its Notewriters

in seven series of DAILY BIBLE READINGS

● and also distinguished lecturers

at WEEK-END COURSES in Religious Education

Particulars and specimen leaflets apply to:

General Secretary,
International Bible Reading Association,
Central Hall Buildings,
Durnsford Road, London, S.W.19



BARBARA WARD

India and the West

An analysis of the problems which face India today

"Powerfully and persuasively written . . . I hope many people read this book." — I. M. D. LITTLE (*Observer*) 18s

CAMUS

Resistance, Rebellion and Death

21s

Collected Fiction

"Rare Value"—*Times Literary Supplement* 21s

WILLIAM STYRON

Set This House on Fire

"The story he tells exerts an extraordinary grip"—*Times Literary Supplement* 21s

ALAN MOOREHEAD'S great book

The White Nile

3rd Imp. Illustrated 25s

— HAMISH HAMILTON —

of the rape of the York Caxtons, when the Dean and Chapter, scorning to ask expert advice, innocently sold to Rosenbach for less than £20,000 two unique Caxtons and a number of other early books that would now be worth—how much?—£100,000? £200,000?

But Rosenbach was, essentially, a book-collector rather than a dealer. The driving-force of his career was the passionate urge to amass books and manuscripts for the sake of their rarity, their beauty, their literary importance or their historic interest. To acquire a particular library, of course, he had to pay the owner a certain sum of money; the smaller the better. Therefore some of the books would have to be sold, as expensively as possible; the remainder would then go into the Doctor's stock, or his private collection—the terms were roughly synonymous. This simple system gave him a powerful advantage as a dealer; for only a high price would induce him to sell. Moreover, he had a fanatical faith in the value of great books. Even during the slump of the 'thirties, he refused to lower his prices, however steeply his sales dwindled. In the event, of course, he was more than justified. But the gods decreed an ironic peripety for the closing years of his life. His health was undermined by the daily bottle of whisky, and by other excesses that Mr. Wolf does not conceal. As he sank into dispirited lethargy, Philip, now in his eighties, displayed increasing vitality. Consumed with a mania to sell, he slashed the Doctor's prices just as the Wilmerding sale showed that values were rising again. But the Doctor didn't care any longer.

DOUGLAS CLEVERDON

Middle-Class Mirror

A *Punch* History of Manners and Modes, 1841-1940
By Alison Adburgham. Hutchinson. £3 3s.

USING *Punch* as her main source of information, Alison Adburgham has gathered a whole museum of social curiosities. She has taken much care with facts and dates, and has interpreted fashion to signify not only clothes but 'manners, language, passing pastimes and modish crazes, social attitudes and the relations of the sexes'. She makes the point that it is no function of a history of this kind to concern itself with the working classes, because 'manners and modes can flourish only above the poverty line'.

Following her general view of the hundred years she surveys, one is reminded that the middle part of the period—say, from 1865 to 1915—was the heyday of the moneyed classes in this country. Their leisure and affluence were sustained by a profusion of cheap labour. Even when they worked hard or had a strong sense of moral or social responsibility, habits of comfort and ease,

merging into extravagance and idleness, were apt to be taken for granted. But middle-class society, with its elaborate system of taboos and fetiches, was not rigid or moribund. The rapid changes in fashion were evidence of vitality as well as of absurdity, and this record of those years conveys an increasing sense of restlessness and rebellion. It is significant that one of the fullest entries in the index is 'Masculine Fashions for Women', and the long struggle by women for education and for social and sexual emancipation came in for perennial ridicule.



'IN SLUMMIBUS'
Small Eastendian: 'Elo! 'Ere's a Masher! Look at 'is Collar an' 'At!'
Cartoon (1884) from 'A "Punch" History of Manners and Modes'

'Because *Punch*, as Miss Adburgham says, has been 'always middle-class in outlook', it is all the more useful as a mirror of social history. The reflection naturally catches some of the less admirable characteristics of the British bourgeoisie—its shallowness, narrowness, philistinism—but it would be a mistake to think that, even in mockery, *Punch* has been always on their side. It is not the working class that appears thick-skinned in an 1884 drawing of a portly ecclesiastic and two young ladies slumming.

Satirical verses from *Punch* are freely quoted by Miss Adburgham, perhaps too freely. They are less revivable than the drawings and tend to have nothing but their topicality. Yet they help to show that fashions recur. Skirts get long or short or full or tight again; dandies drift away as swells, mashers, or knuts, and come again with other names. And outrageous innovators—are they so new? Who is it that goes to plays 'a scavenger could scarce endure'? An aging 'super-minx' after a 'hectic' day: the date is 1922. There is always drama in a dustbin; all that is necessary is to take the lid off.

WILLIAM PLOMER

A Cambridge Platonist

The Screens and Other Poems

By I. A. Richards. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 18s.

I. A. RICHARDS is an inspired pedagogue; no more Platonic spirit ever mounted a dais and drew a wobbly diagram of the All. His idea of the good life is a Benthamite one, in which 'as much as possible of oneself is engaged and this with as little conflict, as little frustrating interference, between different sub-systems of one's activities as there can be'. (It is a nice Benthamite touch, too, that he and Ogden left the word 'soul' out of Basic English.) He justifies this search for harmony, however, in the most transcendental of manners. And for him the mediator between the warring fragments of experience is language; language is a reconciliation of incompatibles leading to a Buddhistic transcending of the self. A lecture by Richards is all in parables—of the dialectician as a butcher chopping meat, of words as an image of the good society. Nature and activity lie between the covers of the dictionary; and his semantic philosophy is so much a kind of poetry in itself that it hardly needs verse to complete it. Thus the title-poem of his new collection is less a poem than another superb Richards lecture, an hour-long meditation on the dictionary, in which all the ambiguities of the word 'Screen' are unfolded: Screen as the senses which select from or 'screen' the natural world; Nature as the cinema-screen on which we project our pictures of reality; cold wars as the 'cyclones' induced by

rival mental screens; the rood-screen as the Screen of Screens, joining nave and choir or the assertion and the denial of the self. It is a brilliant and characteristic piece. But the trouble is that when words become the subject of a poem as well as its medium, a kind of 'feed-back' effect results, as if the canvas spoke back at the brush. Most of Richards's verse suffers in this way; the dance of the homonyms and group-marriage of words are not set going by any very urgent outside experience. The poems are airless and unresonant and perhaps best thought of as footnotes to his prose.

P. N. FURBANK



SWAMI AGEHANANDA
BHARATI

The Ochre Robe

The author, a European, gives an astonishing account of his initiation and life as a Hindu monk, including a pilgrimage on foot across India. 25s.

ANDREW WILSON

North from Kabul

Afghanistan as few people have seen it and come back to tell the story; filled with rumour and intrigue and living within the shadow of Russia. *Illustrated* 25s.

SVEN GILLSATER

We Ended in Bali

Taking his cameras with him the author made a romantic and unforgettable journey to the remoter parts of Indonesia. His unusual and exciting adventures are lavishly illustrated in colour and black and white. 30s.

JOHN E. T. CLARK

Musical Boxes

For collectors and those appreciative of beautiful craftsmanship and an art which is rare in this modern world. *Illustrated* 42s.

ALLEN & UNWIN

E. STRAUSS

The Ruling Servants

A study in bureaucracy. 'Stimulating new book . . . attractively written . . . well worth discussing.'

—LEONARD SCHAPIRO (*The Spectator*) 30s.

H. J. BLACKHAM

Political Discipline in a Free Society

Traces the rise and fall of political philosophies since the 17th century in an analysis of the present mood of political disenchantment and contemporary fears of democracy. 30s.

YEHEZKEL KAUFMANN

The Religion of Israel

Covers the period from its beginnings to the Babylonian exile. 42s.

'An exceptionally vivid and vigorous indictment of the Verwoerd regime.'

—IAIN LANG

(*The Sunday Times*)

Illustrated 18s.



NELSON BOOKS TO COME

Gibbon's Journey from Geneva to Rome

His Journal from 20 April to 2 October 1764 edited by

GEORGES A. BONNARD A hitherto unpublished work by the author of *The Decline and Fall*: the journal Gibbon kept in French of his tour of Italy in 1764 with William Guise, whose journal, recently discovered, provides a most intriguing *obligato*. Professor G. A. Bonnard of Lausanne introduces and annotates the book in English. 2 colour plates and 10 halftones. 9" x 6 1/2"

50s

Limited De Luxe Edition on handmade paper, vellum-bound, bevelled boards, gilt top, boxed. £15 15s

Nelson's Atlas of the Universe

By ERNST and Tj. E. DE VRIES edited by H. E. BUTLER MA PhD An up-to-date guide to the infinite realms around us. The first part of the book consists of over 200 photographs with long informative captions, a brief history of astronomical studies, and an ever-broadening view of the Universe. The second part describes in alphabetical order all aspects of astronomy and related topics from Ptolemy to Einstein, from the zodiacal constellations to artificial satellites. Edited from the original Dutch edition by Dr. H. E. Butler of the Royal Observatory, Edinburgh. 94 plates, over 200 charts and diagrams in the text. 10 1/2" x 7 1/2"

42s

Branwell Brontë

WINIFRED GÉRIN This author's life of Anne Brontë must have been the best reviewed work of its kind in 1959. *The Times* called it an 'absorbing and authoritative study'. *The Times Literary Supplement* commented on the 'remarkable vivacity of her picture of Haworth' (where Miss Gérin has for long made her home). Now Miss Gérin has again made use of her unique knowledge of the Brontë family to write a companion volume on Branwell Brontë. 32 pages of halftones. 8 1/2" x 5 1/2"

35s

The Century of Revolution 1603-1714

CHRISTOPHER HILL MA FRHist.S This book is Volume 5 (and the second to appear) in the new 8-volume Nelson History of England. It is remarkable for the fresh and stimulating individuality of its approach. The subject is covered in four periods, each of them considered under the headings Narrative of Events, Economics, Politics and the Constitution, Religion and Ideas. The illustrations are taken from contemporary portraits, prints and broadsheets. Appendices and an index. 16 half-tone plates. 8 1/2" x 5 1/2"

352pp

25s

Nelson's Concise World Atlas

J. WREFORD WATSON Professor of Geography at the University of Edinburgh This is a popular atlas for home use, embodying the latest techniques in map-making. It adopts a global approach: each of the main land masses is surveyed first as a whole on a vivid physical map, then as a series of significant regional groupings. A skilful blend of three-dimensional modelling and colour in the physical maps makes you see the land come to life. The general maps show all significant towns together with important routes and basic economic information—coal, iron ore, petroleum and hydro-electricity. 11 1/2" x 8 1/2"

vxi + 60pp

18s

Publication dates to be announced later

Constable

The Age of Reason

HAROLD NICOLSON

"I doubt if any other living writer could have marshalled, compressed and explained the facts with such clarity and such liveliness."

RAYMOND MORTIMER

(*Sunday Times*)

"It is difficult to praise, or even to describe, such a book as this without falling back on all the most over-worked adjectives in the language."

HESTER CHAPMAN

(*Weekly Post*)

Illus. 45s.

The Characters of Love

JOHN BAYLEY

"His sharp-witted but sweet-tempered book displays the ideal temperament of the critic."

REBECCA WEST

(*Sunday Telegraph*)

"A critical work of the first importance."

PHILIP TOYNBEE

(*Observer*)

"This is a rich, ramifying book, and one profoundly subversive of the current orthodoxies of literary criticism."

The Times

21s.

The English Novel

A Panorama

LIONEL STEVENSON

"An immensely rich, well-sustained, and equably poised narrative."

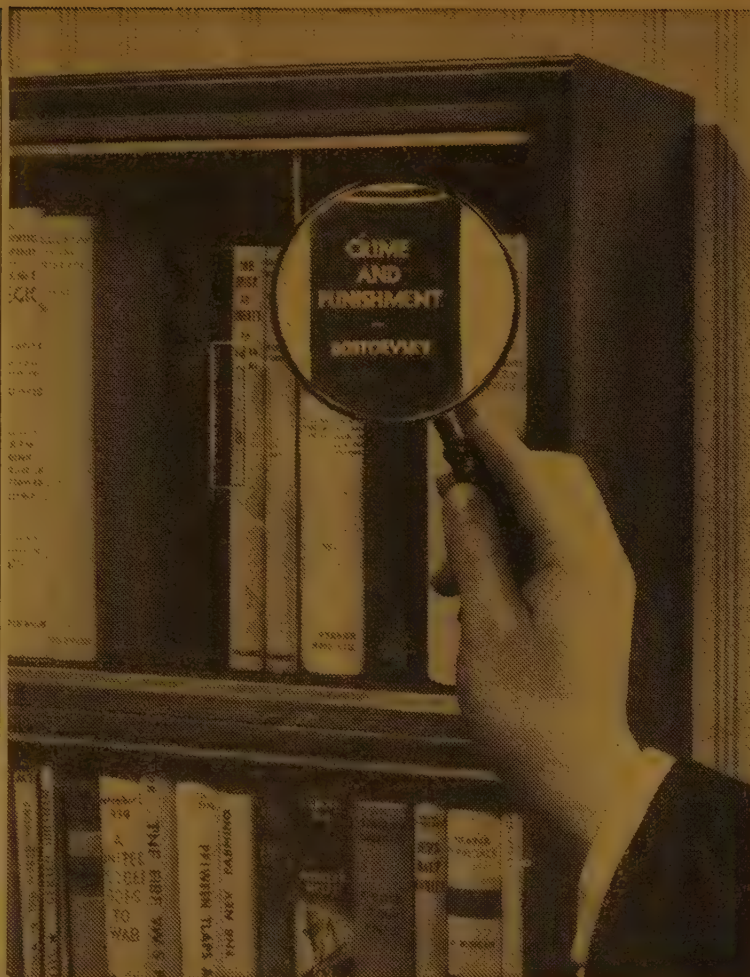
The Times

"A general reader in search of information about English fiction from its beginnings up to the last war can tackle the book with reward."

ERIC GILLET

(*Daily Telegraph*)

32s. 6d.



The Case of the Tidy Corpse

An odd corpse or two around the house is one thing; but when your better half finds herself knee deep in crimes she is liable to take a sudden passionate interest in the vegetable garden. If you find she has prepared an onion bed 6 feet long by 2 feet wide and 6 feet deep, it's time to stand well back from high cliffs, or you may well end up with policemen drawing chalk lines round the body—*your* body.

You have been warned. Don't risk it. *Today* (for it may well be later than you think) buy a Minty bookcase... and put your murderers where they ought to be—'Inside'—condemned to stay neat, tidy and dust-free for life. Your wife will admire the elegant prison, which can expand to take in the entire criminal fraternity. What's more, she'll plant onions in the onion bed.

Minty bookcases are *sectional* and may be started from as little as £10.16.0—on deferred terms if you prefer. Only at the Minty Centres shown below can you see and buy Minty bookcases (and furniture). These Centres are so placed that Minty furniture is within reasonably easy reach of most people. If, however, for any reason you can't call, Minty will be glad to send you a catalogue and particulars of post ordering. Write to Dept. L.16, Minty Ltd., 44-45 High Street, Oxford.

MINTY

the bookcases that grow on you



OXFORD (Head Office): 44-45 HIGH ST.; BELFAST: HANNA & BROWNE LTD.; BIRMINGHAM: 186 CORPORATION ST.; BOURNEMOUTH: J. J. ALLEN LTD.; BRISTOL: 50 PARK ST.; CARDIFF: DAVID MORGAN LTD.; CHELTENHAM: SHIRERS & LANCES LTD.; COVENTRY: JOHN ANSLOW LTD.; EDINBURGH: C. & J. BROWN LTD.; GLASGOW: 556 SAUCHIEHALL ST.; GUERNSEY: LOVELL & CO. LTD.; HULL: HAMMONDS LTD.; IPSWICH: FOOTMAN PRETTY LTD.; JERSEY: A. DE GRUCHY LTD.; LEEDS: SHELL HOUSE, EASTGATE; LLANELLY: PUGH BROS. LTD.; LONDON: 123 VICTORIA ST. S.W.1; MANCHESTER: 7-9 ROYAL EXCHANGE ARCADE; NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE: W. E. HARKER LTD.; NORWICH: TREVOR PAGE LTD.; NOTTINGHAM: HOPEWELLS LTD.; PLYMOUTH: E. DINGLE LTD.; SHEFFIELD: JOHN WALSH LTD.

dictionaries

The world's finest all-purpose dictionaries are

MERRIAM-WEBSTER'S

wonderfully informative.

Webster's New International

Many of the special-subject entries in this 600,000-word vocabulary—the largest in the English language—are by famous authorities on those subjects. Lavishly illustrated, the 'Big Webster' has the scope and informative value of a multi-volume encyclopaedia. It is a magnificent work. *In 1 or 2 volumes, £16 16s.*

Webster's New Collegiate

Abridged directly from the great *New International*, maintaining the same very high standard of scholarship. For students and general readers. *Over 125,000 entries. 50s. net (Thumb-indexed style, 60s. net).*



Prospectus of all 5 Merriam Webster's from: G. Bell & Sons, 6 Portugal Street, London, W.C.2.

and new books

Mathematical Puzzles And Diversions

A selection from Martin Gardner's many brilliant contributions to *Scientific American* which are among the best of their kind in the world. *Many illustrations. 17s. 6d.*

Maxwell Knight

has written a new book:

Talking Birds. Parrots, budgerigars, jays, magpies and other birds—buying, taming teaching, looking after and knowing all about them—the famous naturalist writes clearly and, of course, expertly. *Illustrated. 10s. 6d.*

Science & The Farmer

The many effects of science on farmers' methods and ideas, shown through a cleverly-written tour of an imaginary English farm, by F. R. Elwell. For young readers, especially young farmers. *Illustrated. 15s.*

G. BELL & SONS

Hitler and After

The Testament of Adolf Hitler: the Hitler-Bormann Documents. Edited by François Genoud; introduction by H. R. Trevor-Roper. Cassell. 12s. 6d.

The Capture of Adolf Eichmann. By Moshe Pearlman. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 16s.

Eichmann, Minister of Death. By Quentin Reynolds, Ephraim Katz and Zwy Aldouby. Cassell. 18s.

The Hunter. By Tuvia Friedman. Anthony Gibbs and Phillips. 21s.

The Testament of Hitler is a collection of Hitler's reflections during the last February of the war, together with one last frenzied anti-Semitic outburst on April 2, a week or so before his suicide: the whole compiled by the faithful Martin Bormann. It comprises, as Professor Trevor-Roper says in his copious introduction, 'a stop-press, last minute extra instalment' of Hitler's *Table Talk*, an amendment to *Mein Kampf* in the hour of defeat. It was intended to justify the Führer's failure and provide the Germans with a last Nazi directive for the future.

Although it is full of lies and contradiction, this fragment is of remarkable interest. The war was lost, Hitler claims, because Mussolini had attacked Greece which had led indirectly to the revolt in Belgrade in March 1941. Since he had first had to crush Yugoslavia, Hitler asserts, his attack upon Russia had been made six weeks late. Only this had caused it to fail. As Professor Trevor-Roper writes, 'what the myth of the "stab in the back" by the civilians had been after 1918, the myth of the "stab in the side" by Mussolini' was to be after 1945.

While an odd nostalgic fidelity to Mussolini remains in this 'Testament', Hitler is viciously anti-French in it. This leads him into an evil anti-colonialism unworthy of a starving and illiterate tribesman somewhere in Angola or the Congo. Among various typical lies, Hitler claims as one reason for his attack upon Russia that 'their rate of delivery (of raw materials essential to Germany) decreased steadily, and there was a real danger that they might suddenly cease altogether'. In fact the German Foreign Office documents have shown us that the Russian deliveries were punctual up to the last moment in 1941: it was the Germans who held theirs up.

Hitler made one significant correction of earlier formulations of his anti-Jewish dogma. He reacted to criticisms of his racialistic assertions by stating, according to this new testament on February 13, 1945, that 'the Jewish race is first and foremost an abstract race of the mind'. 'Well, we have lanced the Jewish abscess; and the world of the future will be eternally grateful to us', he concluded with satisfaction.

The capture of Adolf Eichmann last May, and his trial this month, focus attention today upon Hitler's chief agent in the murder of six million Jews. Mr. Reynolds and his colleagues cover the same ground as Mr. Pearlman at much greater length. On the whole the same story emerges; if there is a minor divergence the reader may tend to feel greater confidence in Mr. Pearlman, a former Israeli Information Officer. Readers of the *Sunday Telegraph* will have savoured the irony of Eichmann's self-betrayal when he bought a posy for his wife on the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding-day. 'The man is the man', his about-to-be captors signalled home, and prepared to go into action.

Mr. Pearlman writes with a civilized approach, but of course he is deeply committed: indeed he refers a little too often to Eichmann's 'willingness' to go to Israel, a 'willingness' expressed when he was already in captivity. Mr. Pearlman is anxious to show that Israel is the only place for Eichmann's trial and that international law permits it. He points out that on December 11, 1946, the General Assembly of the United Nations unanimously adopted a resolution which 'virtually incorporated' the procedure of the International Military Tribunal at Nuremberg 'into the common law of mankind... Thus any member of the U.N. would have the right to try any war criminal if it succeeded in obtaining custody'. This is no doubt legally sound. And yet the best friends

of the Jews may feel that it would be more politic for Eichmann to be tried by any other nation; it is even said that the younger generation in Israel itself is aware of this.

Mr. Pearlman's book draws attention to two other points. An international organization for the aid of former Nazis, although at present without much political backing anywhere except perhaps in Cairo, is extraordinarily efficient. Secondly, the U.N. scored one of its quiet successes in reconciling Argentina and Israel after Israelis had kidnapped Eichmann in a suburb of Buenos Aires.

The Hunter is a rambling, clumsily written autobiography of a still young Polish Jew, who, at first with a Polish security force and then from Vienna and Israel, has devoted himself to searching for 'wanted' Nazi criminals ever since 1944. He seems convinced that his was the greatest share in finding Eichmann and causing his capture: indeed he believes that, but for Tuvia Friedman, the search might well have been abandoned. He is patently sincere. And it may be that his announcement that Eichmann was in Kuwait put the sometime 'Minister of Death' off his guard.

ELIZABETH WISKEMANN

The Problem of Evil

The Tempter

By Anthony Bloomfield. Hogarth Press. 16s.

IT IS ALMOST A TRUISM to say that the beliefs, or non-beliefs, of contemporary society have greatly altered the fictional treatment of evil. Even an admittedly sceptical writer of the nineteenth century such as George Eliot, for example, might well be baffled by the elusive faces of good and evil which have appeared in the most interesting novels of recent years. Matters which were once presented to an external authority for judgment or approbation have now largely become questions of personal responsibility only. Standards are set up by and in the human heart itself and this fact alone, I believe, accounts for the extreme inwardness of many modern novels. Where, in the last century, the emphasis was laid on action rather than motive, today, motives and also what might be called pre-motives have become the overriding concern of the novelist. And this remains true both of 'extrovert' writers such as Kingsley Amis (whose latest novel is liberally supplied with the hero's conscience-stricken 'interior monologues'), and of Catholic novelists like Graham Greene who lay the movements of the heart alongside the tenets of the Church and make their very subject-matter the tension which this relationship produces.

The widespread knowledge of psychology and psychiatry has, of course, had much to do with this fundamental change in contemporary fiction. Indeed, the more superficial novelists have tended to think that a psychological explanation of human behaviour disposes completely of the need to examine moral dilemmas; for such writers, labels like 'complex', 'trauma', 'compulsion', and so on have become substitutes for thought and feeling. With novelists of larger dimensions, on the other hand, a concerned and committed perplexity has tended to overshadow the purely formal demands of plot, narrative, and the objective development of character. In this context, one thinks immediately of the opposition in all E. M. Forster's novels between the open heart and the confined intellect.

These generalizations are provoked by Anthony Bloomfield's fascinating and searching new novel, *The Tempter*. Like his more thoughtful contemporaries, Mr. Bloomfield is much concerned with motive, self-knowledge and personal choices. Where he is quite original, however, is in his probing study of evil as it appears to men and women living today. The subject of his novel is, in fact, the problem of evil, but, since Mr. Bloomfield possesses a keen eye and a vivid style, he handles his subject in concrete, not in abstract, terms. On one level, but only on one level, his story might be read as an unusually intelligent and well-written thriller.

This novel concerns Samson, a subtle, complex man who keeps a dubious book-shop, and a group of characters who meet in the back room of this shop and are instrumental in producing porno-

The African Revolution
JAMES CAMERON
'Great Revolutions Series'
18s

The Arab Revival
FRANCESCO GABRIELI
'Great Revolutions Series'
18s

The Informed Heart
BRUNO BETTELHEIM
35s

A History of India
MICHAEL EDWARDES
132 gravure plates, 21 maps
45s

The Egyptians
CYRIL ALDRED
81 photographs, 50 drawings
30s

T H A M E S



HUDSON

The Early Christians
MICHAEL GOUGH
72 photographs, 48 drawings
30s

God's Wilderness
BENO ROTHENBERG
91 gravure plates, 16 drawings
and maps
£3 3s

**Jacques Lipchitz:
His Sculpture**
A. M. HAMMACHER
150 photogravure illustrations
£4 4s

The Art of the T'ang Potter
MARIO PRODAN
154 gravure plates, 34 in colour
£8 6s

These are just a few of our early Spring titles. Full details of these and many other important books on art, travel and world affairs are in our **SPRING LIST** free from 30 Bloomsbury St. London WC1

CAMBRIDGE BOOKS

Zik

NNAMDI AZIKIWE

A selection from the speeches of His Excellency The Rt Honourable Dr Nnamdi Azikiwe, P.C., Governor-General of the Federation of Nigeria, arranged in chapters, each dealing with one important topic. They include 'Zik on Democracy', 'Zik on Africa', and there is a valuable chapter on the growth of political parties in Nigeria.

25s. net

Party Politics, II The Growth of Parties

SIR IVOR JENNINGS

The second volume of *Party Politics* is an historical analysis of organized political parties in England from the Civil War to the General Election of 1959. This volume, with volume III (*in preparation*), will complete the standard authority on British constitutional history, law and practice, begun with *Parliament and Cabinet Government*.

45s. net

Man as Churchman

NORMAN SYKES

In his new work the Dean of Winchester examines the relationship between history, church history and theology; and he illustrates his arguments by discussing among other topics the disputes during the Reformation, and the relations between Church and State in the nineteenth century. This book prints the text of the Wiles Lectures for 1959.

21s. net

The Correspondence of Edmund Burke, 3

EDITED BY GEORGE A. GUTTRIDGE

The third of a projected eight volumes of the definitive edition of Burke's Correspondence covers the period 1774-8, and contains over 300 letters—half of them printed for the first time.

84s. net

Modern French Poets on Poetry

ROBERT GIBSON

An anthology of pronouncements on poetry by the great French poets of the last hundred years, linked by explanatory comments. Writers quoted range from Baudelaire and Mallarmé to Éluard and Supervielle.

Clothbound, 42s. net
Paperbound, 22s. 6d. net

Guinness's Brewery in the Irish Economy, 1759-1876

PATRICK LYNCH & JOHN VAIZEY

A history of the great Irish brewery to 1876. The authors show how the firm started, political and economic influence on its rise, and they reinterpret Irish economic history of the period. A feature of the book is its detailed description of the role of a market in economic development. 9 plates.

35s. net

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Trade Unions and the Government

V. L. Allen

'Should be compulsory reading in the Labour movement'
Richard Clements, Tribune

'Dr. Allen is one of the scholars who knows his way about . . . the bias is clear and easily separated from the sound scholarship on which it is imposed.'
Glasgow Herald

35s

Great Britain and the United States 1895-1903

A. E. Campbell

An examination of American policy and British reaction to it in the period when the rivalries of the Great Powers took their classic imperialist form.

30s

From Gore to Temple

THE DEVELOPMENT OF
ANGLICAN THEOLOGY
BETWEEN 1889 AND 1939

A. M. Ramsey

*Archbishop of York,
Archbishop Designate
of Canterbury*

'A fascinating study . . . The writer shows a wonderful grasp of his subject, and a sure and sensitive judgment.'

Time and Tide

18s 6d

Angel with Horns

AND OTHER
SHAKESPEARE LECTURES

A. P. Rossiter

EDITED BY GRAHAM STOREY

'I know of no modern critic who comes nearer to conveying the intellectual excitement of the Shakespearean quest and the psychological impossibility of reaching in it any finality.'
*K. W. Gransden,
New Statesman*

30s

Longmans

graphic photographs. Each of the characters is drawn into this perverted occupation by some deep inner lack in their personal lives—Veronica, the young girl who has been living in a fantasy world and is searching for security; Bateman, the policeman who, after a broken marriage, has lost faith in love but finds it again in his moving relationship with Veronica; Bertie, whose sexual prowess eases his sense of inferiority and gives him a feeling of being needed; Julius, cold and unsensual, who finally discovers that happiness does not reside in avoiding all human passions but in laying oneself open to the rest of humanity; and Louise, whose humdrum life as a housewife is given larger overtones of excitement by her activities in the back room of the bookshop.

The pace of the book is sure and skilful, the narrative flows but never overreaches itself; cross-currents of tension and conflict never become either contrived or out of control. Briefly, this book, despite its sensational, inflammable subject, is neither melodramatic nor shocking. And this, I think, is the most curious element in Mr. Bloomfield's undoubted achievement. The *idea* of his plot is, after all, fairly distasteful to most people; yet, by never describing or dwelling on the actual activities of the pornographers, Mr. Bloomfield has avoided every possible suggestion of grossness or salacity. And he has done this for a very obvious reason; he is not concerned with obscenity or lasciviousness in themselves, but rather in the dark forces, the hidden desires of which obscenity and lasciviousness are the outward expression. With a few quotations from Thomas Mann's *Doctor Faustus*, he makes abundantly clear that this is the prime intention and *raison d'être* of his novel—'Have you forgotten what you learned in the schools, that God can bring good out of evil and that the occasion to it shall not be marred?' and 'Without the morbid would life all its whole life never have survived . . . We only release, only set free. We let the lameness and self-consciousness, the chaste scruples and doubts go to the Devil'.

Thus Samson sees himself as a sort of redeemer or liberator and at the end of the book, when a representative of the gutter press threatens to expose the pornographers, it is Samson who takes all the blame, gives himself up to the police and so releases the other conspirators.

This deeply felt and profoundly thought-out work of fiction is *not*—as a superficial reading might suggest—a plea for the free expression of every kind of erotic or perverted behaviour; Mr. Bloomfield's scathing treatment of the gutter press—that creator and taunter of so many of our darkest desires—would alone make this quite clear. Nor are his characters merely searching for a sterile self-knowledge acquired by means of degrading and offensive experiments. Mr. Bloomfield is not a throw-back to the 'nineties, a decadent seeker after sensation, a mere titillator of the senses. What he is concerned with, and what he presents by the sensitive laying open of his characters' secret lives, is the terrible emptiness in the hearts of men today, their feverish quest for salvation, their hopeful stumbling down the wrong paths. The protagonists of this beautifully written book are human but the forces which drive them on are not entirely of this world. I have not seen the problem of evil so fearlessly or so imaginatively confronted in fiction for a very long time.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

'Said Pearse to Connolly...'

The Life and Times of James Connolly

By C. Desmond Greaves. Lawrence and Wishart. 35s.

THIS IS A GENEROUSLY proportioned life of James Connolly, the Irish socialist and republican leader who was shot in May 1916 for his part in the Easter Rebellion of the previous month; and, as the name of its publisher implies, it is written in rigidly Marxist terms.

This approach obviously has several disadvantages for the non-Marxist reader. Sometimes it leads Mr. Greaves into faintly ludicrous abstractions. 'Unsuccessful revolts are a misfortune to those who take part in them, but are an inevitable part of historical development', he tells us. 'Connolly's determination to fight now at all costs showed how completely he had identified

himself with historical necessity'. I find this a less than adequate account of the motives which prompted Connolly's reckless heroism of 1916. Sometimes, again, Mr. Greaves finds it necessary to adopt a sudden and generally infelicitous truculence of language. 'The leaders who directed them were mostly the brainless pups of aristocratic families', is his singularly unilluminating comment on the Ulster resistance of 1912-14. 'They appeared anachronistically from their parks and demesnes to join with their most abject victims in putting the clock back'.

It would be a mistake to judge the book from these occasional pieces of nonsense, however. The general note is one of careful scholarship. Mr. Greaves knows his sources very well, and there are few facts about Connolly and the events in which he participated which are not sifted and considered. And most of his writing is done in a style which is certainly not exciting, but is smooth, restrained, and tolerably lucid. The faults lie rather in the arrangement of the material and apportionment of space between the different parts of Connolly's life. The dramatic events of general interest were concentrated at the end: his part in the great Dublin transport strike of 1913; his reaction to the outbreak of war—'I know of no foreign enemy in this country except the British Government'; his sudden conversion in January of 1916 to revolution that spring; his military direction of the events of the Easter week, during the latter part of which he was lying seriously wounded in the General Post Office, but still in command; and his arrest, summary conviction and quick execution—strapped to a chair because he was too ill to stand up. Yet all the events after August 4, 1914, are compressed into sixty pages, less space than Mr. Greaves gives to Connolly's singularly uninspiring years in America and to his involvement there with an endless series of schismatic socialist movements.

The trouble is that Mr. Greaves is constantly anxious to build up Connolly as a Marxist thinker in the central European tradition, and that as a result he completely fails to explain his force as an Irish nationalist revolutionary. How was it that this rigid opponent of class collaboration, as Mr. Greaves portrays him, ended his life fighting in the closest alliance with the Celtic romantic Patrick Pearse? It is not really quite enough for Mr. Greaves to explain it all by saying 'here was a great popular revolt of the petty-bourgeoisie and a part of the working class—despite its lack of "economic content"'. Nor is it easy to be completely convinced by his final comment about 'the way in which Connolly engraved socialism indelibly on the national life in Ireland'. He must have used invisible ink in the process.

ROY JENKINS

Shaw on Music

How to Become a Musical Critic

By Bernard Shaw. Hart-Davis. 25s.

THIS MOST WELCOME volume of Bernard Shaw's hitherto unprinted music criticisms, edited by Dan H. Laurence, his bibliographer—who provides an interesting introduction—should have been labelled, together with the four volumes in the standard edition, 'It is dangerous to exceed the stated dose': for indeed it is. Before tackling some urgent work one decides, perhaps, to browse for a few moments in one of these volumes; but so readable, stimulating, and entertaining are they that one is led fatally on from page to page. The earlier volumes covered just over four years of Shaw's critical activity but the present one extends over seventy-five years, concluding with a brief article dated November, 1950 (when he was ninety-four), called 'We sing better than our grandparents'.

We first encounter Shaw as 'a ghost apprentice' to Vandeleur Lee, his mother's singing teacher 'who'—as Mr. Laurence explains in his introduction—'palmed himself off as a music critic to the editor of a satirical journal called *The Hornet*, but privately arranged for his young friend to write the notices. Shaw alludes to this dubious act of kindness in the article which gives its title to this book; but though he expresses horror at the ignorance and incompetence of his 'critical crimes' at this time he preserved them for three-quarters of a century.

H M S O

Civil Affairs and Military Government in N.W. Europe, 1944-1946

by F. S. V. DONNISON

One of the major problems following in the wake of military conquest is the establishment of civil administration. Two aspects of this problem confronted the Allies after the Anglo-American invasion of Europe during the closing stages of the War; and this volume describes the revival of civil administration in the liberated countries and the setting up of military government in the enemy countries of Germany and Austria.

Ready 24th March

42s. (post 1s. 9d.)

Kuniyoshi

Commemorating the centenary of Kuniyoshi's death, this is the first full-length study in any European language of the life and work of the last great master of Japanese colour-print. With text by B. W. Robinson, and illustrations from his large output showing his great versatility and dramatic force.

Coming in May

27s. 6d. (post extra)

From the Government Bookshops

or through any bookseller

H M S O

ANTHONY CARSON *Looking for a Bandit*

Almost without pausing for breath we are off on another vertiginous excursion into Carson country where extravagant adventures lurk round every corner: a brilliant collection of sketches. 15s

THE ATOM STATION

HALLDOR LAXNESS, Nobel Prize winning novelist, describes in this pungent satire, chicanery in Iceland when Americans ask for a war base. 'A brilliant piece of social and political satire'—Penelope Mortimer, *Sunday Times* 16s

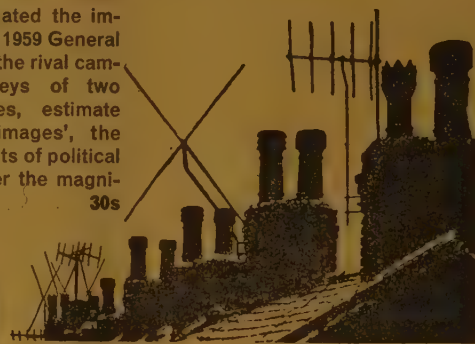
INTRODUCING TURKEY

Cedric Salter, who knows Turkey well, provides a lively and informative volume for the *Introducing* series. 21s

TELEVISION and the Political Image

Joseph Trenaman and Denis McQuail have investigated the impact of television on the 1959 General Election. They analyse the rival campaigns and by surveys of two Northern constituencies, estimate their effects. Party 'images', the 'don't knows', the impacts of political leaders—all come under the magnifying glass. 30s

METHUEN



SPRING TITLES from ODHAMS

Just Published

EICHMANN

HIS CAREER & CRIMES

Charles Wighton

Foreword by G. D. Roberts, Q.C.

The exterminator of millions of Jews awaits trial at last, in Israel—tracked down after a relentless fifteen-year hunt. What is the story *behind* the headlines? The full facts are told here for the first time, in an authoritative, up-to-the-minute and completely objective study. Illustrated.

21s.

Ready March 27

Bella of Blackfriars

Leslie Bell

Bella Burge was the only woman in the rough, rowdy man's world of boxing, and nobody expected her, after her husband's death, to run *The Ring*, Blackfriars, alone. But she did—and won the admiration of her toughest customers. The eventful life of this foster-sister of Marie Lloyd spans eighty vivid years of sport and stage. Illustrated.

21s.

Just Published

True Stories of Tragedy and Terror

How did they happen? Whom did they affect? What were their consequences? Some of the greatest calamities of past and present—whether acts of God or works of man—are described and assessed in this gripping volume. Ranging over more than six centuries and many nations, each of these disasters presents human drama at its most tragic and moving.

16s.

FROM ALL BOOKSELLERS

Immaturity certainly shows in his description of Schubert's C major string quintet as 'wearisome' and its stormy Scherzo as 'quaint', and elsewhere; but he can strike out an imaginative phrase such as 'Frau Grün's voice is of that rare quality which has some indefinable sympathy with melancholy', in writing of her singing of Brangaene's warning in *Tristan und Isolde*. 'Cornetto di Bassetto' is seen emerging in the next, longest and most substantial chapter in the book covering contributions, mainly to the *Dramatic Review*, from 1883 to 1889.

There is a vivid picture, recalled from the Albert Hall Festivals of 1877, of Wagner as a conductor, in the course of a laudatory article on Richter:

Wagner's tense neuralgic glare at the players as they waited for the beat with their bows poised above the strings was hard upon the sympathetic men, whilst the intolerable length of the pause exasperated the tougher spirits. When all were effectually disconcerted, the composer's *bâton* was suddenly jerked upwards, as if by a sharp twinge of gout in his elbow; and, after a moment of confusion, a scrambling start was made. During the performance Wagner's glare never relaxed: he never looked pleased. When he wanted more emphasis he stamped; when the division into bars was merely conventional he disdained counting, and looked daggers . . . he laid down the *bâton* . . . with the air of a man who hoped he might never be condemned to listen to such a performance again.

No wonder Richter was greeted with such warmth by the orchestra when he took over from Wagner. Shaw is unfair to Liszt and indulgent to Gounod, even to his oratorios: though, after alluding to his exquisite taste, fastidious workmanship and earnestness ' . . . within the limits of his domain of emotion and picturesque superstition', he concludes that 'as at bottom M. Gounod's piety is inane, so at bottom, his music is tedious'.

The present collection is particularly valuable for its emphasis on the interpretation of the operas of Mozart and Wagner, rather than on the performances of individual singers. Shaw, over fifty years ago, perceived clearly what is now generally held. After a visit to Bayreuth in 1909 he wrote:

The proper document to place in the hands of the artists is the complete work. Let the scene painter paint the scenes he sees in the poem. Let the conductor express with his orchestra what the poem expresses to him. Let the tenor do after the nature of that part of himself which he recognizes in *Parsifal*; and let the *prima donna* similarly realize herself as Kundry . . . wherever the traditional method is substituted, there Wagner is not . . . [Bayreuth] reeks of tradition—boasts of it—bases its claim to fitness upon it. Frau Cosima Wagner, who has no function to perform except the illegitimate one of chief remembrancer, sits on guard there. When the veterans of 1876 retire Wagner will be in the condition of Titirel in the third act of *Parsifal*.

In a later chapter Shaw is superb on *The Marriage of Figaro* (the Beecham production of 1917) and elsewhere on *Don Giovanni*; warmly enthusiastic about Elgar, most entertaining and enlightening in a long and brilliant article on 'The Religion of the Pianoforte', and splendid in combat with Ernest Newman over Strauss's *Elektra*. The present review has already exceeded 'the stated dose', and many more delectable things must go without mention. The last word must be of gratitude to Mr. Laurence for collecting this material for our delight and instruction.

ALEC ROBERTSON

A Cloud in Trousers

'The Bedbug' and Selected Poetry. By Vladimir Mayakovsky. Translated by Max Hayward and George Reavey. Edited and with an introduction by Patricia Blake. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 21s.

'SULKING AND INDIGNANT' was the expression seen by Pasternak on the face of his dead friend Mayakovsky when that giant 'agitator and rabble-rouser' (his own words) had shot himself in 1930, after writing in his last lines: 'Love's boat has smashed against the daily grind'. As Patricia Blake writes in her lively and well-informed introduction to these translations, 'the poet who had tried to place his supremely individual gifts at the service of a

collective society now lay with a bullet through his heart . . . Mayakovsky, the poet laureate of the Soviet state, was, in effect, the most alienated figure in Russian literature'. Perhaps not *most* alienated; still, this colossal brazen creature with a gnawing emptiness at the root of his being was one of the most extraordinary and fascinating—or, to some, repulsive—men of modern Russia.

Rampaging into pre-revolutionary culture like a possessed zany, Mayakovsky manifested elephantine vitality and gargantuan conceit, and flaunted a comprehensive nihilism: he wrote a poem *I and Napoleon* and a tragedy *Vladimir Mayakovsky*, and the war-cries of the four parts of his finest early poem, *The Cloud in Trousers*, are 'Down with your love!', 'Down with your art!', 'Down with your social order!', 'Down with your religion!' But although with his dramatic talent, foghorn voice and blasting repartee he was a unique public entertainer and scandalizer, and one must regret that the films he made seem to have been lost, Mayakovsky was not only a super-clown but also one of the most fertile and ingenious poetic virtuosos the modern world has seen. Though little concerned, unlike some of his friends in the group of literary futurists, with the theory of a new poetry, his early writing is a highly original creation. Intended not to be read but to be roared out to a crowd, full of slang, vulgarisms, puns and neologisms, it has no regular metrical pattern, but is held hypnotically together by strong rhythmic accents, assonances, and a fantastic variety of rhymes.

Many of these features cannot possibly be rendered in English. What can be conveyed is Mayakovsky's dazzling imagery, and it is a compliment to say that in these translations the boldness, brutality and coarseness of the images come over more effectively than in some other, rather muffled, translations that have been published. And, most admirably, in this useful selection the Russian originals and the English versions of the poems are printed together. If the relentless bellow of Mayakovsky's ceaselessly ejaculated images seems monotonous to the reader without Russian, he should make allowances for the linguistic and technical richness of the original.

Mayakovsky's post-revolutionary limitations—involved in 'setting my heel on the throat of my own song', as he put it—were shrewdly observed by Trotsky (at whose expense Mayakovsky made an excruciating pun). Praising the mastery of *The Cloud in Trousers* of 1915, a poem of unrequited love, Trotsky saw that the long poems of the nineteen-twenties were much weaker, because Mayakovsky here 'leaves his individualist orbit and tries to enter the orbit of the Revolution'. He dedicated his talents to propaganda; his output was enormous, he churned out thousands of jingles and slogans for sweet-wrappers and so on. But the growing philistinism of Soviet society in the later 'twenties, and the psychological ravages of his involved relations with Lily Brik and Tatyana Yakovleva (well elucidated from new material in the introduction of this book), put ever greater strain on the uneasy synchronization of his individualistic orbit with that of the Revolution—or what the Revolution had become.

In 1928, in Paris and in love, he sent to his Soviet editor a poem 'on the nature of love', ending: 'Who can control this? Can you? Try it . . .'. And he wrote two devastating satirical plays, *The Bedbug* and *The Bathhouse*; in the vision of a Soviet 1978 in *The Bedbug*, the Rip Van Winkle from 1928 is told that 'only textbooks on horticulture have anything about roses, and daydreams are dealt with only in medical works'.

The twenty-two-year-old cloud in trousers 'shakes the world with the might of my voice'; fifteen years later, 'love's boat has smashed against the daily grind', and a bullet is the only solution. By an irony which Mayakovsky might have appreciated, a few hours after his death the State Institute for the Study of the Brain extracted his, and found that it weighed 1,700 grams, as against an average of 1,400.

Lenin, with his thoroughly bourgeois literary taste, had disliked Mayakovsky. Stalin liked Mayakovsky's political propaganda; as Pasternak wrote, Mayakovsky 'began to be introduced forcibly, like potatoes under Catherine the Great. This was his second death. He had no hand in it'.

MICHAEL FUTRELL

An exhibition of travel books can be seen at the National Book League, 7 Albemarle St., London, W.1, until March 30.

West End Story

The Survey of London. Vols. XXIX and XXX.
St. James, Westminster: Part 1, South of Piccadilly.
Athlone Press. £8 8s.

THIS IS A GLORIOUS double volume. It commemorates the sixtieth anniversary of the founding of the *Survey of London*, which was rushed into existence to record the palace at Bromley-by-Bow before it disappeared. The surveys have been getting steadily more catholic and lively, and here they have reached the point where an inventory is up to the highest standards of architectural and historical scholarship, yet is as readable as a novel.

The anniversary area was brilliantly chosen. It is, near enough, St. James's—the part of London bounded by Piccadilly, Haymarket, Pall Mall and the Green Park, excluding St. James's Palace and reserving Lower Regent Street for a later volume. It grew up very quickly—pasture land in 1640, built over by 1680—and has since become a quintessence of London contrasts: broad streets and tiny alleys, club-houses and theatres, the eighteenth-century 'Temple of Health and Hymen' in Schomberg House and the twentieth-century tarts in Jermyn Street. The whole lot taken together is what makes London so memorable; it is inextinguishable as long as the pattern of contrasts is maintained, but it has got to fight the snuffling tide of nine-to-five-ness that is already creeping over St. James's Square.

These contrasts seem to have arrived by lucky accident. The land tenure was just complicated enough to prevent a completely regular grid of streets being laid out as it was a century later in Bloomsbury; and although the Crown owns a good deal of St. James's and has pursued what the *Survey* calls an 'effective and vigorous' policy of rebuilding on a grander scale as the leases have fallen in, enough nonconforming freeholds remain to leaven the nineteenth- and twentieth-century lumps with an obstinate lovable patchwork of little buildings. Lock's the hatters is one of them, and the firm has been there since 1765; Berry Bros. and Rudd, a couple of doors away, have been trading on the site as a family business since 1699. Best of all, probably, is the area around Cleveland Square and St. James's Place, a huddle of irregular buildings sandwiched between the grandiloquent Bridgwater and Lancaster Houses. Barry had a scheme for prolonging Pall Mall right through it to form a processional entry to Green Park, but happily the idea was never taken up.

I have written as though this plan of Barry's were common knowledge. In fact, it is one of the hundreds of discoveries published here for the first time. From estate records, old architectural journals, the R.I.B.A. and the Soane Museum has come a huge amount of uncollected information—a Barry design for Bridgwater House in Elizabethan style (and very horrid it would have been, too), megalomaniac drawings by Adam for the Haymarket Opera House, old photographs of vanished masterpieces like Soane's Buckingham House in Pall Mall*. The most important single discovery had to be rushed in as an addendum: a payment to Edward Shepherd which makes it almost certain that he was the architect of the very handsome house in St. James's Square which is now the headquarters of the Arts Council. This would explain the affinity, a matter of the way of detailing window surrounds, between it and Shepherd's Boreham House which sits prettily on the road from Chelmsford to Colchester.

All this is presented lucidly and concisely, with sure architectural judgment and a delightfully dry humour. It must have been written by several people but seems absolutely homogeneous, and can be easily read not only by the specialist but by anyone who cares about London, or about human behaviour. The best place to get into the spirit of it is the chapter on the incredible vicissitudes of the Haymarket Opera House, with everybody going bankrupt every few years or so, Vanbrugh and Sheridan floating through the story with high hopes and no money, and a splendid rogue called Taylor who spent much of his life in the King's Bench prison for debt where 'it is said that he had many friends . . . including Lady Hamilton, a coterie being thus formed which, in point of vivacity and zest of enjoyment could not be excelled by the freest of the free'.

In fact, the frailty of human beings is never so apparent as

* Though a house such as No. 3, St. James's Square, designed by Hawksmoor and altered by Soane, could be demolished as late as 1930 without a single photograph being taken of it. The *Survey* has arrived just in time.—I. N.



Spencer House, St. James's Place, 1756-66. Painted room by James Stuart
From 'The Survey of London', vol. xxx

when they are dealing with such determinedly un-frail subjects as buildings and the sums of money needed to put them up or stop them falling down. There is Vanbrugh slyly observing to a friend, about the land for his Opera House 'I gave 2,000 for it but have lay'd such a scheme of matters that I shall be reimburs'd every penny of it, by the Spare ground; but this is a Secret lest they should lay hold on't to lower the Rent'. There is the Earl of Clarendon wanting to make a door in the churchyard of St. James's Piccadilly 'for the convenience of his Lordships. Beare, Wine and Coles to be brought that way into his house'. The vestry, who must have been wise and disingenuous men, refused on the ground that it would bring down 'Ecclesiasticall Censure'. There is Pennethorne, Nash's successor, curtly observing about a building in St. James's Street that if the man living in the house in Crown Court were not evicted within six days he would 'pull it down over him—a trifle like this must not stop our work'. Shades of compulsory purchase! It is all alive in the pages of the book, doubly alive afterwards in the fabric of St. James's as you walk around it and see just how the freeholds interlocked and how the twentieth century has treated and maltreated the eighteenth. It is still doing so—the present 6 St. James's Square and 100 Pall Mall, both brand-new, are contemptible buildings. But better things are on the way—New Zealand House, and, just too late to be illustrated, Lasdun's astonishing *tour de force* next to Spencer House which could so easily in lesser hands have been a terrible failure. Otherwise, the *Survey* is right up to the minute, and the only modern building worth mentioning in detail, Simpson's in Piccadilly, has one of the best architectural descriptions in the book.

At eight guineas this set is cheap at the price. It is, simply, the best obtainable, just like the products of those old-established St. James's shops. If I had a friend who loved London very much and who was going to live a long way away from it, this is what I would choose as a farewell gift. It will never go stale, it will never seem pedantic, it will always bring back, quite fresh, that tiny exciting amalgam of stone and stockbrick, conformity and nonconformity, grandeur and homely charm.

IAN NAIRN

DIGNITIES AND RICHES

"The love of dignities and honours for their own sake is the love of ruling from the love of self; and the love of riches and wealth for their own sake is the love of obtaining the possession of the goods of others by any device whatever . . . The love of dignities and riches for the sake of uses is the love of uses which is the same as the love of the neighbour."

—Swedenborg

Read Emanuel Swedenborg's
DIVINE PROVIDENCE

Pocket editions:—

paper 2s. 0d. (8d. post)

linen 3s. 6d. (8d. post)

leather 10s. 6d. (9d. post)

Ask for fully descriptive catalogue of Swedenborg's theological works published by

SWEDENBORG SOCIETY
(Dept. D)

20 Bloomsbury Way, London,
W.C.1.



Like the accomplished dry fly fisherman, DRY FLY SHERRY is the product of expert knowledge, practice and skill; and like the fishing fly itself, it is both light and delicate. It is neither too sweet nor yet very dry.

16 - bottle
8'6 half-bottle
also magnums 32/-

A gracious welcome
to your guests

NATIONAL LIBRARY FOR THE BLIND

Patron: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

Chairman: The Marquis of Normanby, M.B.E.

The compassionate realise that Blind people are deprived of many interests and occupations, but it is less understood that books in Braille and Moon enable the sightless of all ages to tap the hidden treasures of the mind.

LEGACIES, DONATIONS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS

can bring new courage and an inner vision to more finger-tip readers.

35, GREAT SMITH ST., LONDON, S.W.1

(Reg. Acc. Nat. Asst. Act 1948)

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC

Pictures from Albi Museum

Arts Council exhibition

TATE GALLERY

Till 15th March

Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6;

Tues., Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6

ADMISSION 2/6

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BOOKSHOP

FOYLES
* FOR BOOKS *

There just isn't another

bookshop, anywhere, to

compare with the fabulous

Foyles — *A Customer's Letter*

Stock of over 4 million volumes



FOYLES TRAVEL BUREAU

Write for Foyles 1961 Holiday
Programme. Wonderful bargains!

119-125 CHARING CROSS ROAD LONDON WC2

GERrard 5660 (20 lines) ★ Open 9-6 (Thurs. 9-7)

Nearest Station: Tottenham Court Road

INVEST WITH THE CITY OF NOTTINGHAM

MORTGAGE LOANS

WITH

INTEREST AT **5³/₄%** PER ANNUM
for 3 to 10 years

Special terms for amounts of £10,000 and over

TRUSTEE SECURITIES ● NO EXPENSES TO LENDER

For further particulars apply to

CITY TREASURER, EXCHANGE BUILDINGS, NOTTINGHAM

Sir



EDITORS are seldom 'Dear' to their correspondents, a deprivation which probably worries them less than it would me. "Sir", the letters begin, in what sounds a hectoring tone; but the worst that is likely to follow is a stuffy "my attention has been drawn" or a pained "your correspondent is mistaken."

You can tell a good deal about a newspaper from its Letters to the Editor—because they tell you what sort of people it appeals to. Some columns tend to be preoccupied with Our Budgie, age seven, who can recite the whole first line of The Last Fight of the Revenge. Some are excoriated battlefields ringing for weeks with rival rallying cries about the origin of a nursery rhyme.

Observer readers show us, however, that liveliness need not be silly, nor moral indignation shrill. Of course this could be due to some sort of selection committee in Tudor Street. But I think not. This Editor does not censor (he certainly makes no bones about printing letters taking him to task for the occasional mistake). The letters simply reflect the natural good sense and mental vigour of their writers.

Urbanity and Wit

Another striking thing is that they correct the impression—hard to escape when one looks at some other correspondence columns—that writers to the newspapers are a special sort of exhibitionist crank. These are ordinary people engaged in a civilized exchange of ideas with intelligence, urbanity and wit.

Sometimes too The Observer provides a forum for a point of view that would otherwise hardly get a hearing, as when it recently printed a long letter from Georgi Zhukov, Chairman of the Soviet Committee for Cultural Relations.

Reviews of Oxford lectures; working wives; the Honours list; doubts about Freud (and doubts about the doubts); Christian Unity—what a sweep and scope there has been in late weeks.

J.B.L.

THE RARE FINO



SAN PATRICIO is Spain's most celebrated true Fino sherry. Crisp and dry. The perfect aperitif.



GARVEY'S SAN PATRICIO

IMPORTED BY MATTHEW CLARK & SONS LIMITED, WALBROOK HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.4

Shares that do not depreciate

4%

**INCOME
TAX PAID**

◀ SUBSCRIPTION SHARES

For small sums of up to £25 at any time. On reaching £100 four paid-up shares are issued and the subscription share is kept open for further investments.

£25 PAID-UP SHARES ▶

Note these advantages:

- Member of The Building Societies Association.
- Deposits are **Trustee Investments**.
- Reserves—over 6% of Assets.
- Prompt and easy withdrawals.
- No stamp duty, commission or other charges.

3³/₄%

**INCOME
TAX PAID**

These shares give a return equivalent to £6.10.7d.% and £6.2.5d.% respectively, subject to Income Tax at 7/9d in the £.

The Secretary will be pleased to send you full particulars

LAMBETH BUILDING SOCIETY

EST. 109 YEARS

Member of the Building Societies Association

118/120, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD, S.E.1

WATERLOO 1331 (5 lines)

Assets exceed
£8,000,000
Reserves exceed
£500,000

Light where you like it

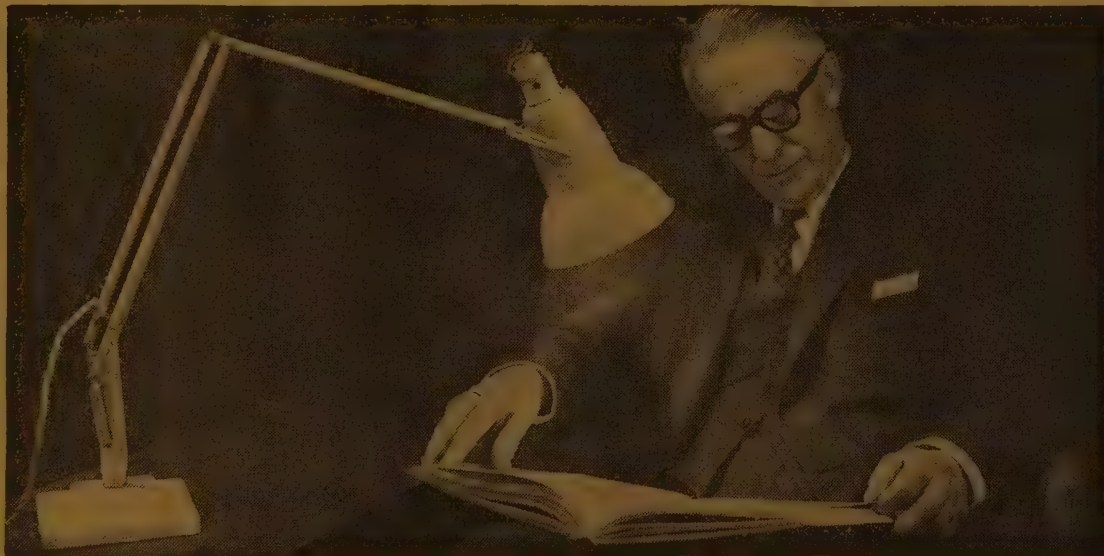
—at the touch of a finger



It's obvious why an Anglepoise is so named. It can be angled all ways with the touch of a finger, and stays poised always in the chosen position. Reading, writing, sewing, close work and most work—all are best seen with this genius of a lamp. That's its second name.

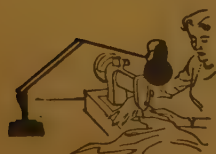
Home-harmonising colours complement the beauty of design. Six in all, they are: April Green—Ember Red—Daffodil—Cloud Cream—Mottled Cream and Gold—and Fashion Black.

See Anglepoise at your electrical shop: from £5.4.2d. See them now—to see better soon.



All ways angled, always poised

is an **A**nglepoise
a genius of a lamp



What Yeats Believed

Essays and Introductions

By W. B. Yeats. Macmillan. 36s.

THIS COLLECTION of what Yeats called his "critical prose" appears with a minimum of editing and no index. It has an introduction written by Yeats in 1937, but the publishers do not tell us why it has taken twenty-four years to produce the book, the proofs of which were seen and corrected in detail by the author shortly before his death. There is nothing within the volume to explain the origin and first appearance of the various items; such information as we can glean is printed on the dust cover, which is removed in public libraries and will in any case soon perish.

All this is a pity, because the volume is important for an understanding of Yeats's mind and development, and the special introductions which he wrote for this volume, for his Plays, and for the Works as a whole are published here for the first time.

Yeats did not claim to be a critic. In the 'General Introduction for My Work' (1937) he says he had always hated 'and still hate with an ever growing hatred the literature of the point of view'. This does not mean that he was without a point of view. To turn away from the present, 'to get back to Homer', 'to reject every folk art that does not go back to Olympus', 'to make the language of poetry coincide with that of passionate, normal speech'—all these are points of view expressed on this same occasion. By 1937 Yeats was a passionate and opinionated old man. These essays and introductions go as far back as 1896, when he was young and equally opinionated. The main beliefs which he held throughout this time were these:

(1) The imagination has some way of lighting on the truth that the reason has not, and its commandments, delivered when the body is still and the reason silent, are the most binding we can ever know. (1900)

(2) A continuous undefinable symbolism is the substance of all style. The arts are about to take upon their shoulders the burdens that have fallen from the shoulders of priests, and to lead us back upon our journey by filling our thoughts with the essences of things, and not with things. (1898) Blake had announced the religion of art, and to follow in his steps is to take sides in the only controversy in which it is greatly worth taking sides, and in the only controversy which may never be decided. (1900)

(3) Progress is possible, but not predictable. 'Progress is a miracle and it is sudden, because miracles are the work of an all-powerful energy, and Nature in herself has no power except to die and to forget'. It is one of our illusions that education, the softening of manners, the perfecting of law . . . can create nobleness and beauty, and that life moves slowly and evenly towards some perfection'. (1900)

(4) Art is dead in England, 'where journalists are more powerful and ideas less plentiful than elsewhere'. 'Surely a bitter hatred of London is becoming a mark of those that love the arts'. (1901)

Yeats reaffirms these beliefs in the 1937 introduction to this volume, and in the 'General Introduction for My Work' there is another statement to which attention should be drawn because it is sometimes argued that Yeats was a political nationalist, even a fascist. 'I am no Nationalist, except in Ireland for passing reasons; State and Nation are the work of intellect, and when you consider what comes before and after them they are, as Victor Hugo said of something or other, not worth the blade of grass God gives for the nest of the linnet'.

The essays include considerable treatments of poets like Spenser, Shelley (and Shelley's influence on Yeats is never sufficiently appreciated—'he and not Blake . . . had shaped my life'), Blake and William Morris; general essays on such subjects as 'Art and Ideas', 'The Symbolism of Poetry', 'The Celtic Element in Literature', and 'Poetry and Tradition'. Though the book is given a unity by the consistent exposition of the points of view I have listed, there is no sustained logical process of thought, either in the individual essays or in the book as a whole. The most coherent essay is the one on 'The Philosophy of Shelley's Poetry', and its conclusion is the best possible judgment on Yeats himself, as revealed in this volume: 'He was born in a day when the old wisdom had vanished and was content merely to write verses, and often with little thought of more than verses'.

HERBERT READ

Love and Judgment

The Characters of Love: A Study in the Literature of Personality. By John Bayley. Constable. 21s.

THIS IS A GOOD BOOK that gets steadily better as it goes on. It is about love as presented in literature—eros not agape; and it requires either great self-confidence or very specialized interests to attack this theme. Mr. Bayley is not re-writing de Rougemont's *Passion and Society* or Praz's *Romantic Agony*. He studies three works that have love as their theme, Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde*, *Othello*, and *The Golden Bowl*; and in the end he passes on to a still larger but less intimidating subject, the 'literature of personality'. By this he means the presentation of human personality in literature—not the personality of the author but that of his fictional characters—and the author's attitude towards it. When we get to the last chapter where this matter is explicitly discussed we see something that is not too common in criticism—that the conclusions really do emerge from the premisses, that they have been implicit in the discussion of the individual works all along.

The opening remarks on love and sex are not enormously encouraging; but from a certain amount of supererogatory sprightliness the important point appears—'that an author's success with this theme is closely linked with his attitude towards his own characters—that author, in fact, is best on love who best loves his own creations'. The scientific anatomists of passion like Proust do not in fact reveal the nature of love to us as fully as those writers whose attitude to it is less authoritative and less analytical. Chaucer, whose position seems to be one of benign and uncritical comprehension; Shakespeare, whose position in *Othello* has been a matter of much debate among recent serious students; Henry James, whose position is notoriously ambiguous—these writers seem to show us what love is really like; and they do so by a supremely full realization of individual personality. It is this realization that is in the end most revealing and most rewarding; far more so, Mr. Bayley argues, than overt or even implied moral judgment. Plainly the point is an important one, especially since the climate of criticism in England has been a dominantly moralistic one for many years.

This central conviction directs some admirable criticism by the way. Mr. Bayley is perhaps least revealing on *Troilus and Criseyde*, the least controversial of these three works, and the most bound by a convention. But the chapter on *Othello*, treating it as a play about love rather than a play about jealousy, is vigorous and new. Mr. Eliot, duly followed by Dr. Leavis, have both attacked the primary datum of the play—the nobility of Othello; and by a pleasing irony Mr. Bayley is able to show that in doing so they are adopting precisely the viewpoint of Iago. In dealing with *The Golden Bowl* he by-passes the questions that bedevil most considerations of the book—how far we are to approve of the Ververs, how great is the element of morbidity in Maggie's relation to her father—and contends that the mere creation of fully realized characters in vital relation to each other is a greater thing than making moral judgments about them.

What has all this to do with love? Simply that it is in love that we delight in the independent existence of another person; and that the attitude of the greatest creative writers towards their characters is an analogy to this. Mr. Bayley's epilogue is a brilliant vindication of the value of this idea of personality in literature. Here, and in showing the limitations of those kinds of fiction in which personality fails to develop, he is at his most persuasive. This idea makes its demand on readers and critics too—the demand that we shall not be too eager to submit the living characters created by the great artists to the solvent of our own value judgments, but that we shall 'salute them for what they are and respond to them as they deserve'. Mr. Bayley seems to fear that this will be thought reactionary, I should call it rather progressive.

GRAHAM HOUGH

The picture on our cover, 'The Reader', by Jean-Honoré Fragonard, is from *The Paintings of Fragonard*, by G. Wildenstein (Phaidon Press): it is in the collection of Mrs. W. Erickson, New York City.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Lapses of Taste?

'WHAT ABOUT US, William—not the man next door? What about *us*?' The talk had been of frustrated ambition, of growing old, of death. The questioner, resigned to the fact that active life was over, could not keep from his voice a note of disappointment that so little had been done; and of anxiety that what he had taken for granted in others would before long confront him and his friend. 'What about us, William . . .?' Spoken in the mellifluous accents of Wales, it was a moving question.

It came towards the end of John Ormond's film, 'Once There Was a Time' (March 1), about two old Rhondda Valley miners chatting together while cameras roamed the streets and looked down on the rooftops of the town both had lived in for most of their lives. Its poignancy and universal relevance evoked more sympathy than anything that had gone before.

Appreciating particular merits of the programme, I am still undecided about its total effect. At the time, one part of my mind accepted it as a pleasant, unexacting listening-in to a rambling conversation, never very profound, between two widely though probably not deeply read men. The other part rejected the implication that the two had anything of more than passing interest to say, and that pictures of the town flashed randomly on to the screen could contribute importantly to our enjoyment.

Far more satisfying, though not comparable in purpose or treatment, was the film the 'Monitor' camera team made at Loudun to

provide a background for Mr. John Whiting's eloquent talk on the subject of his new play, 'The Devils' ('Monitor', February 26). The idea of using present-day types in the town to represent their seventeenth-century equivalents was brilliantly successful. The cameramen and Mr. Whiting achieved, with easy mastery, everything required of them.

John Ormond's loquacious Welshmen had been preceded the same evening ('Tonight',



Mr. Will Thomas and Mr. Teify Jones in 'Once There Was a Time', a documentary film about the Rhondda valley

March 1) by two others, much older, who delighted us with their serenity and humour. One was 102, the other a year younger. The elder claimed that abstinence from liquor, tobacco, and



'It Happened to Me': an almost totally deaf child undergoing a hearing test

women was the recipe for a long life. The other held that good tobacco, beer, and two wives had brought him to his vigorous century. The elder walked in his garden with a stooping spryness that was awe-inspiring. The other puffed his pipe and gazed at us with an undisturbed eye. Regrets for unrealized ambitions and anxiety about the end were, with both of them, emotions long since left behind.

This was one of those items, conducted with his usual aplomb by Alan Whicker, that continues to make 'Tonight' the best television magazine anywhere. Because of my esteem for it I was sorry to witness Cliff Michelmore, with one grimace, join the ranks of those interviewers and reporters who increasingly intrude their not necessarily relevant attitudes to the events with which they are dealing.

It happened after Mr. Victor Pasmore had, haltingly, it is true, and not very lucidly, tried to explain why he has largely forsaken traditional representation for abstract painting ('Tonight', February 27). Whether one sympathizes with Mr. Pasmore's latest aims and techniques or not, his talk and the accompanying pictures of his work



From the film 'The Devils of Loudun' in 'Monitor': St. Peter's Church, Loudun, and (inset) Urbain Grandier, one-time Curé



A scene from 'Panorama' on February 27: John Morgan talking to a family living in a tenement in Edinburgh

made an item well worth seeing. Mr. Michelmore's eye-rolling, lip-pursing expression of scoffing disbelief when the camera returned to him for the next announcement was a definite, if minor, breach of good taste, not to be condoned by the probability that more viewers shared his reaction than resented it.

Mr. Michelmore was not alone last week in straying from the high standard of impartiality and decorum which is still, if the Corporation did but know it (and it sometimes gives the impression that it has forgotten), one of its greatest strengths. John Morgan, investigating the slum problem in Edinburgh ('Panorama', February 27) loaded some of his questions to the chairman of the housing committee in a way which might have done credit to a prosecuting counsel but was not incumbent on him as a disinterested reporter whose job it was to collect and present facts.

And a few minutes before, when 'This Is Your Life' had ended, we were shown a film of the reunion, after many years, of the 'victim' (Mr. James Zarb, of Cairo spy-trial fame) with his sister at London Airport. The airliner which brought her on the last lap of a 6,000-mile flight was late and she had been unable to participate in the programme's climax. The B.B.C., not to be cheated of its triumph, as insistent on its pound of flesh as any Sunday tabloid, sent a camera to the airport, filmed the tearful, private, very personal meeting, and screened it for all to see.

I believe, and hope, that I was not the only viewer who was thoroughly ashamed of them for doing it.

PETER POUND

DRAMA

Honourable Mentions

WE EXPECT TODAY as a matter of course, albeit with wry dissatisfaction, the transition of literature into films. We accept as natural the adaptation of works created for the theatre into offerings for television. If this week's major play is a precursor, we must look forward, with I suggest as mixed feelings as we can muster, to greet films being adapted for television by way of the theatre. In this way, presumably, you can manage with rare cunning to have the worst of all possible worlds. But this is to be unfair.

Rashomon on March 3 was in no way as bad as my exaggeration would suggest. Nevertheless, all who saw the film version, and were excited and overwhelmed by its strange world and the imagery it presented, must, to my way of thinking, have been disappointed. I admit that the standard was impossibly high, and that in any case one should judge the television production within its own context. From this angle, and despite an occidental slant, unsuspected possibly by the authors, Fay and Michael Kanin, this new version was in many ways a worth-while shot at a tricky subject. For though the theme was the general one of the subjectivity of impressions, this was orchestrated for narrow nationalistic qualities of behaviour and expression. And its principal questing approach to the ethics of the Samurai code of honour supposed an interest in an aspect of life essentially Japanese, and one in nowise paralleled by our somewhat less exacting requirement of 'being a gentleman'.

Experienced in this more superficial level, the play was still able to present its points about 'the smell of truth' and, while nothing that you could call new disturbed the way you look at things, to suggest that honour without feeling and life without truth were more valueless than less loud-trumpeted virtues. Hope flourished in small signs that not all see.

Mr. Rudolph Cartier, unflinching though he was in the face of Mr. Akira Kurosawa's magnificent film-shooting, could not efface the memory of that outstanding film, and the indefinable magic atmosphere of the Japanese production was here never apparent. From his actors, however, he drew vivid performances which stood up well to the comparison with their distinguished predecessors. Particularly fine was Mr. Lee Montague as the bandit. His proudness in his villainy, the joy in his lusting, if a trifle



Yoko Tani as the young wife and Lee Montague as the bandit in *Rashomon*

over-exuberant at times, had the crudeness of life suffusing every movement. As the girl, Miss Yoko Tani in a more conventional role brought a strange and moving quiescence to her part. Mr. Richard Pearson, for once cast out from suburbia, was no less adept at hitting off the slightly rougher quality of striving gentility the character of the woodcutter called for.

Diametrically opposing appreciations of a political situation was the starting point of the Sunday-night play, *A Reason for Staying*, by Mr. Leo Lehman, which then continued by attempting to clarify the ambivalent position of the expatriate. Pulled in one direction by a desire for the homeland, pulled in another by affection for a land which, though strange, has yet become closer in many ways than home, torn between a wish to be reunited with old friends and a revulsion at the political regime which has supplanted that so cruelly fought for, the expatriate is never in an enviable position. Mr. Lehman, in his portrait of the general (played with crumbling strength by Mr. Anthony Quayle) who, needed for prestige purposes by an Iron Curtain country, is tempted to return by his fluent ex-comrade-turned-communist,

fails to present the ache of desire that is the heart of every exile. Nor was he able to put into the mouth of the general any arguments which could justify his remaining 'utterly lonely in London'.

The most dramatically interesting and moving moment comes in fact with the reactionary who, prepared to risk danger and indignity, begs to return to his homeland even on such terms. Here, to me at least, seemed the moment of truth the play was fumbling for, but which it never reached. The only part filled out was that of the agent, and Mr. Denholm Elliott played him in firm clean strokes through which the vigour of compromise shone like a crusading sword. Mr. Alvin Rakoff's production was concentrated with strength though spoilt by extraneous noises and strange flitting shadows.

My own especial reason for not liking old-time music-hall on television is the necessity for the double suspension of belief; the make-believe that we are watching an old-fashioned audience which is itself watching an old-fashioned music-hall, and all this through the very antithesis of such out-of-date conventions—television. Perhaps, too, the fact that television is but the latest of a series of inventions which themselves have brought about the demise of a most virile entertainment touches the guilt complex in all of us.

If we can forget these reservations and doubts, a programme such as *The Good Old Days* (March 4) has a sad-sweet charm of its own. Such times are unrecapturable; yet the fact that we make the attempt shows our regret at their passing. And in their easy undemanding way they please us. We are prepared to be ingratiated by little, by a soft-shoe routine only moderately well done, by a passable tumbling act, by a good ventriloquist, by old-time singing. Mr. Leonard Sachs, who is an old hand at this business, was just right as the chairman, tempering his exuberance with discretion for his vast and distant audience.

ANTHONY COOKMAN, JNR.

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

More Snobs

ON THE SAME NIGHT as *Dust in Your Eyes* by Eugene Labiche and Henri Martin was broadcast (February 25, Home) I heard it being used as the text for a little sermon—which almost discouraged me from doing the same thing here. However, the cry of the Duchess: 'And the



Anthony Quayle (left) as the General and Denholm Elliott as Raneki in *A Reason for Staying*

moral of *that is . . .* becomes a compulsive habit among critics. And the morals of *Dust in Your Eyes* were historically interesting. In the Paris of the eighteen-sixties bourgeois parents with children to marry pretended to be richer than they were, not, I imagine, simply out of snobbery or vanity, but with an eye to the solid advantages of dowries.

Labiche mocked their 'conspicuous expenditure' as vigorously as any American sociologist who has just discovered Veblen, but he did not go on to denounce the decadence of a credit-dominated society, being the kind of fellow who takes it for granted that there is something intrinsically funny in the conviction of social climbers that to him that hath shall be given. His competing parents merely bored themselves and wasted their money, but the lovers involved were allowed to live above their incomes in the end by a sudden gift from a common and unpretentious uncle—who was nevertheless rich. There was less economic doctrine here even than in *Eastward Ho!*, and a good thing too.

The plot was neat and the acting lively to the point of over-heartiness. Painting and singing lessons and visits to the Opera as symptoms of cultured wealth were dealt with lovingly, and the final scene of food and wine snobbery had nothing dated about it. George Benson as M. Ratinois and Gladys Spencer as his wife made the most of all their opportunities.

Val Gielgud's production of *The Antigone of Sophocles* (Home, February 27) struck me as uncertain in its movement and emphasis. The play joins ritual statements of belief with individual protest and suffering. So it is essential that the speeches of the chorus should not become intervals between the intensities of the principal characters. I found that in this version my attention slipped during the interventions of the chorus. They and their leader spoke audibly enough but with the addition of music (good in itself) they broke the movement of the play. The language of the translation by C. A. Trypanis had plainness and dignity so that the major speeches of Creon (Brewster Mason), Antigone (Joan Plowright), and Haemon (Gabriel Woolf) could be acted rather than chanted. And there was plenty of private life in the performances of the Guard (Derek Smith) and of Tiresias (Leon Quartermaine). But the keenness of horror, pity, and fear which this play should induce was somehow blunted.

Marathon by Naoya Uchimura (March 1, Third) was more 'feature' than play and Miss Richardson considers it on this page, but the distinction is often difficult. In listening I found the history of the runner obscure, but the music and the whole elaborate and ingenious montage of footbeats, clock beats, applause, and laboured breathing were extremely impressive. The use of patterned sound to excite as well as to illustrate is a long-established feature or documentary technique which might be used in plays more often.

The shorter recent plays included Conan Doyle's *Black Peter* (Light, March 5) straightforwardly adapted by Alan Wilson. The double act of Norman Shelley and Carleton Hobbs as Watson and Holmes continues to be traditionally satisfactory and funny. It is comforting to attend once in a while to the detection of reasonably simple methods of criminals whose motives are of the kind familiar to the police. That is, if you like your murders pure, as I do.

The serial adaptation by Thea Holme of *Mansfield Park* (Sundays, Home) has now almost reached the half-way mark and is gaining in speed and clarity. The earlier instalments had to introduce so many characters and relationships that listeners without the book could have been confused. However, we have settled down nicely now.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SPOKEN WORD



THE RAREST THING on radio is what has been called 'pure radio': the unadapted, creative, original work designed for the medium. I had hopes that *Marathon* (Third Programme, March 1) would prove to be one of the black tulips that the critic is perpetually seeking. Here, conjured up by music, speech, and effects, was the attempt of an unknown Japanese athlete to become his country's representative in the Olympic marathon. In theory, it was the sort of atmospheric picture that radio could paint supremely well. I have nothing but praise for Trevor Martin's performance as the runner; and Anthony Thwaite's versatile and well-controlled production made full use of radio's rich natural resources. But I was not for a moment swept into the athlete's stream of consciousness; and forty-five minutes of flashbacks, shouting crowds, heavy breathing, and relentlessly running feet left me breathless but not aesthetically satisfied.

The second part of Mr. Heppenstall's trilogy, 'The Generations' (Third Programme, February 25) may not have been an aesthetic experience; but it was a distinct improvement on the first. It made dexterous use of radio, it had dramatic shape, and Lydia Sherwood's Deirdre Fleisch irrupted into the little stag-party in Bloomsbury like a breath of necessary fresh air.

Talking of London, the Cockney is often a broadcaster born. He has all the quickness, the gift of the gab, the raciness, the unselfconsciousness that make a broadcast go with a bang. There was a genial programme the other week about the senior Pearly King and Queen; and on February 27 (Home Service) we heard 'Cockney Funeral', the reminiscences of two Bermondsey undertakers. I was afraid the Albin brothers would be simply macabre; as it was, their talk was lively, rich, and sustaining. They showed a sense of humour, a sense of tradition, and a reverence for the human body that is all too rare in these cremation-conscious days.

'The Changing Village' (Home Service, February 26) took us from Cockaigne to the country, and was designed to dissolve the mirage of harmonious blacksmiths, herds winding o'er the leas, and cottages with roses round the doors. It succeeded all too well in suggesting the abandonment of country crafts, the pursuit of sophistication, and the slow decline of village life. It was a widespread, thoughtful documentary which avoided purple patches but conveyed a good deal of feeling.

'The Complete Man' (Home Service, March 1) was a centenary tribute to the philosophy of Rudolf Steiner; but, though it is well to commemorate educationists, such programmes seem dreadfully over-earnest to the layman. This one was poorly introduced, and, to me, quite embarrassing in its piety.

From documentaries to talks: Dr. G. Kitson Clark began his trilogy on 'The Making of Victorian England' (Third Programme, February 25) with a lucid, academic and surprisingly compulsive survey. Mr. Cecil Gould's 'Imitation or Deception' (Third Programme, February 26) was an entertaining exposition of the ethics of faking. (After all, faking is a matter of ethics, and the Gothic of Strawberry Hill is somehow legitimate, while the composite first folios of T. J. Wise are not.) I also enjoyed 'The Quarrel', by Tapati Mookerji (Home Service, February 27). This won the India-Burma-Ceylon short story competition in 1959; and Zia Mohyeddin read it with affection and appreciation, and made the most of its happy innocence.

From time to time I eavesdrop on Children's Hour or go back to radio school in the morning,

A Marathon Week

and I am nearly always impressed by the quality of their documentaries. This month's edition of 'How?', the Children's Hour science magazine (Home Service, February 27) was highly respectable. Arthur Garratt's twenty-minute survey of supersonic flight was lucid without being told-to-the-children, enthusiastic without being gushing, and comprehensive without being cramped. It should have kept many small boys away from their chemistry sets.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

MUSIC



Berlioz and Shakespeare

IN A RATHER patchy week there were nevertheless one or two broadcasts which one would have been sorry to miss. One of these was the recorded performance (Third Programme, February 27) of *Beatrice and Benedick* by Berlioz. This was Berlioz's last work for the stage which he conducted himself at its *première* in Baden-Baden ninety-nine years ago. It contains some of his most attractive music, including the famous *Nuit paisible et sereine*, the nocturne-duet which made such an impression on Gounod, who described it as 'absolutely beautiful and perfect; immortal like the sweetest and deepest things ever written by the great masters'.

Perhaps the oddest thing about the opera is the fact that Berlioz found it necessary, although in the main he followed Shakespeare's text fairly closely, to invent, presumably for the sake of comic relief, an entirely un-Shakespearean character, the grotesque Kapellmeister Somarone. The function of this personage, however, is doubtless to add to the general blend of humour and tender melancholy a touch of irony, which is nowhere more evident than in the amusing scene where Somarone is rehearsing the Court musicians in the Epithalamium he has composed for the wedding of Claudio and Hero ('You squeak out my Epithalamium like a comic catch . . .') in the form of a fugue. 'Since "fugue" means "flight" [he explains to the players] I have done this so that the lovers may think of the flight of time . . .'. The cast was a good one, with Jeannette Sinclair and Sybil Michelow as Hero and Beatrice, John Mitchinson and John Noble as Benedick and Claudio, Frederick Westcott as Somarone, and Helen Watts as Hero's lady-in-waiting Ursula. The performance under Stanford Robinson was crisp and animated, with some good singing and playing from the Northern Singers and Orchestra.

A drama of a very different character, a kind of surrealist 'much ado about nothing' as different from Shakespeare's as chalk from cheese, is portrayed in Humphrey Searle's one-act opera *The Diary of a Madman*, after the story by Gogol (Third Programme, March 1). This was one of four short operas by different composers, commissioned by and first performed at the Berlin Festival in 1958; but in this broadcast of the B.B.C.'s own production of the opera (which, incidentally, won the Unesco International Radio Critics' Award in 1960) the artists were the same as those who had taken part in the New Opera Company's production at Sadler's Wells last April, including the conductor, Leon Lovett.

Searle's brilliantly clever and imaginative score, in which all his effects are achieved with a rare economy of means, underlines with pitiless accuracy all the hallucinations of the poor clerk in Gogol's story who falls hopelessly in love with his Director's daughter, and gradually loses his reason when he learns, from some letters written by a dog belonging to the girl to another dog, what the lady really thinks of him. The whole atmosphere of fantastic, yet uncannily matter-of-fact, unreality inherent in

is story is admirably conveyed in the music which twelve-note technique is used, as it were, impressionistically, and supplemented here and there by electronic effects to underline the ildest moments of hallucination. For this radio production the composer has added a linking narration which enables the listener to follow the frequent changes of scene. This little work, which lasts for only half an hour, is a miracle of compression, both literary and musical.

Last week's 'Thursday Invitation Concert' (Third, March 2) was partly choral, partly instrumental, and ranged from Dunstable to Schönberg whose setting of an American poet's lament for Old Jerusalem (*Dreimal tausend Jahre*) for mixed a cappella chorus was not well

enough sung by the London New Music Singers to prevent it from sounding confused and uninteresting; nor was the choir able to do justice to the same composer's emotional *De Profundis*, in which the vocal line is doubled with wind instruments. For the rest, Aimée van der Wiele played harpsichord pieces by Bach and Couperin, and the Benthien String Quartet gave a refined, but not very inspiring reading of Haydn's Op. 50, No. 5, after three of its members had played a rather dull string Trio by Max Reger.

I listened with interest to the two broadcasts in which the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra was conducted by Erich Leinsdorf, the Viennese conductor now visiting this country, and ad-

mired the way in which he was able to give convincing accounts of works as dissimilar as Mahler's No. 4 (Home Service, March 1) and Prokofiev's rarely heard Sixth Symphony (Third Programme, March 4) which belongs to his last 'Soviet' period, but was nevertheless too non-conformist to meet with the approval of the pundits who saw in it, as Martin Cooper has recently reminded us (see THE LISTENER, February 16), proof that 'the old, violent, bitter-tongued, mocking Prokofiev was by no means dead'. The Symphony was preceded by a carefully balanced performance of Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto, in which Friedrich Wührer played the solo part with insight and evident appreciation.

ROLLO H. MYERS

Schönberg, Nietzsche, and Debussy

By EDWARD LOCKSPEISER



The first of three programmes of piano music by Schönberg and Debussy will be broadcast at 8.0 p.m. on Tuesday, March 14 (Third)

In his *Will to Power* Nietzsche quotes a Chinese sage who declared that when mighty empires were doomed they began to have numberless laws. Elsewhere in this prophetic work, under the heading 'Relieving Measures for Decadents', 'mechanical activity' is recommended and also 'absolute obedience'. Nietzsche believed that Wagner was a decadent ('black music' was a result of 'modern gloominess'), that he was a decadent himself, and that all art based on the senses, on a continuous and often exacerbated play of the senses, must lead to over-refinement and eventually sterility. There was only one hope, according to Nietzsche: sensibility must be repressed, the ungovernable senses subdued, by an effort of will. The Superman was his remedy, arbitrary, unrelenting and authoritative.

I think we may admit that such a remedy for a disintegrating art was not so unwelcome as it might seem. The conception of a sensuous, hedonistic art, as of a sensuous, hedonistic life, was a beautiful conception but it was also a dangerous conception. There were sound psychological reasons, therefore, for the emergence, sooner or later, of Nietzsche's Superman. And there are many signs that Schönberg's art admired today precisely as an image of the Nietzschean saviour. Twelve-note music not only demands 'absolute obedience'; it also appears to be based on those 'numberless laws' characteristic of a doomed civilization.

How had we come to this pass? Schönberg was of course right in maintaining that tonality had been undermined in a way from which there was no going back, though we shall never be sure when tonality as a concept began to crumble. It is possible to see early cracks in the tonal system in works of Beethoven and Berlioz, and indeed, throughout the nineteenth century there was a continuous tendency to challenge the supremacy of tonal harmony. Broadly speaking, the more individualism asserted itself the less likely it was to be contained within the accepted musical language. The greatest individualist of the nineteenth century, Wagner, gravely threatened the foundations of tonality; and after him one or two personal compromises with the tonal system, those of Ravel and Scriabin, for instance, thrived for a while. It was only natural, therefore, that early in his career Debussy should have formulated detailed schemes in which music was to be composed of 'floating, incomplete chords', the purpose of which was 'to drown the tonality'. He sought

'an enlarged sphere of expression', enabling him to 'lead up to any given point or to open any door'. His ideal was that music should be 'neither major nor minor'. This ideal was of course only partially realized. Almost up to the time of his death Debussy was still hoping to find 'new ways of combining sounds', yet at no time did he renounce tonality. Nor did he create a school or anything approaching a system. His imitators, in so far as they attempted to define his style, were anathema to him.

There have been several attempts to discover a connecting link between Debussy and Schönberg but I hardly think there is one—at least not on the technical plane. Debussy certainly anticipated future technical developments, but he was also a Janus-headed figure whose works illuminated the music of the past. Plunging back into the Middle Ages, he used the Gregorian modes. He was equally inspired by the music of the Renaissance and by the pentatonic scales of the Far East. All these were startling novelties in their time but today we have almost forgotten the technical explorations of Debussy. Developments have been so rapid, the disintegration of tonality has been so complete, that Debussy's harmonic innovations seem to us less daring than those of Beethoven or Wagner.

It is the aesthetic view of Debussy that is interesting in regard to Schönberg. Here he is the perfect illustration of the type of artist deplored by Nietzsche—deplored, that is to say, with one half of his mind—the artist of sensibility, feeding on sensations and the renewal of sensations, 'five paces away from the hospital'.

All the same his Pelléas has a Hamlet-like ambivalence that we still see at the root of us all. We may nowadays think of Debussy as having receded into history, yet his values, like those of his contemporary Marcel Proust, are even more valid for us today than they were in his lifetime. What Denis Saurat so boldly wrote thirty years ago of the aesthetic of Proust is exactly applicable to Debussy. 'The moderns', he then said, 'have shattered reason and passion. They are suspicious of classical intelligence, which they accuse of having tricked them by establishing conventions. They are suspicious of romantic passion, which they accuse of charlatanism. Whoever claims to love for a lifetime and then everlastingly is essentially lying. What is real, then? Sensation is real: what the senses perceive, what the being feels at the moment he feels it'. And Saurat concludes:

'Modern man has been, after all, a rather beautiful animal. I say animal, because sensation is, above all, animal; and for Victor Hugo, the beasts alone see God'.

Schönberg did not believe this. The decadents had no self which could survive; they made no bargain with God. But, says Saurat, they introduced unique qualities. 'They were able to face total death with total sincerity and total courage'. For all his revolutionary theories, Schönberg reasserts the older romantic and religious values. In his earlier years he was attracted, like his French contemporaries, to Maeterlinck and to Poe. Later he returned to Byron and the Old Testament. Not for nothing has it been maintained that Schönberg's basic creed was the romantic creed. What is disturbing is that, matching the ruthless features of Nietzsche's Superman, Schönberg's method of twelve-note composition was said by him to 'guarantee the supremacy of German music for the next hundred years'. We must beware of reading too much into a chance remark, but we seem to have heard something of this sort before. The association is awful but inescapable.

To understand the phenomenon of Schönberg we need to know far more about his musical mind which, in response to some unconscious force we cannot yet measure, set up this arbitrary and egalitarian system. In the meantime some of the most illuminating remarks to pierce the controversial fogs surrounding the figure of Schönberg have come from Thomas Mann. Readers of Mann's novel, *Doctor Faustus*, will remember that Adrian Leverkühn, impersonating Schönberg, declares that his new technique is designed 'to resolve the magic essence of music into human reason'. This is too much for Zeitblom, who roundly retorts that the contrary effect is produced by Leverkühn's twelve-note system. He maintains that it is 'more calculated to dissolve human reason into magic'. Leverkühn is accused of bringing music into the realm of astrology. His system is ridden with 'superstition', his note-rows are 'constellations', and as for his rationalism it is 'daemonic—the kind of thing we have in games of chance, fortune-telling with cards and shaking dice'.

Fifteen years have passed since Mann attacked the aesthetic basis of Schönberg's art and many of us are still put off by what we may provisionally agree to call his occultism. Even Nietzsche predicted that the belief of the Superman would include 'a certain modicum of nonsense'.

Bridge Forum

Answers to Listeners' Questions—XX

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



In the present series on Network Three, bridge questions submitted by listeners are answered by a panel. Throughout the series Harold Franklin and Terence Reese will answer in this column some of the questions not included in the radio programmes

Question 1 (from G. J. Manewell, London, S.E.5): Rubber bridge. Dealer West; Love all:

♠ J 10 3	♠ A Q 9 7
♥ K 4 2	♥ A Q 10 8 6 3
♦ A Q J 9 8 6 2	♦ 3
♣ None	♣ K J

We bid as follows:

WEST	EAST
1 D	2 H
3 D	3 S
4 H	No Bid

Where were we at fault?

Answer: West must take the responsibility for the missed slam. If West has made up his mind that the hand cannot be played in diamonds then he must credit his partner with a powerful heart suit and a secondary spade suit and his fit in both suits plus his controls in the other two suits make him worth at least a raise to Five Hearts.

If East is less unbalanced he may be prepared to support diamonds at a later stage. In this event West would be well placed were he to bid Four Diamonds over Three Spades. If partner does no more than raise him to Five Diamonds he will still be rather near a slam. If partner reverts to hearts he can most certainly raise.

Question 2 (from G. M. Hall, Southport): The following hands caused some difficulty in a local Teams of Four match.

North dealer; Game all:

WEST	EAST
♠ A Q 3	♠ 7 6
♥ A	♥ K J 9 7 6 4 3
♦ A K Q 6 4	♦ 5 3
♣ A Q 10 2	♣ 6 5

Six No Trumps and Five Diamonds were the final contracts, both failing. Since the Queen of hearts was doubleton and the diamonds 3-3, all thirteen tricks could have been made in a heart contract.

Answer: The slam was fortunate, but Four Hearts should have been reached as follows (Acol):

WEST	EAST
2 C	2 D
3 D	3 H
3 N.T.	4 H
No Bid	

East must make a negative response on the first round since he has too little high card strength. When he bids Three Hearts on the second round West should not be excited since his partner's hand may contain no values beyond say five hearts headed by the knave. West therefore should content himself with Three No Trumps and hope that he can make it in his own hand if necessary.

Over Three No Trumps East has a close decision between Four and Five Hearts, and

neither call would be a mistake. If he bids Five Hearts West should certainly raise to Six Hearts and should not consider playing in No Trumps or in Diamonds.

Question 3 (from Alexander Stark, Dundee): South dealt and bid One Heart and North-South were thereafter silent. Nobody managed to reach the grand slam with the East-West cards. Ought they to have done so?

WEST	EAST
♠ K J 7 5 3 2	♠ A Q 8
♥ 4	♥ A 2
♦ Q J 9 3 2	♦ A K 8 7 4
♣ 3	♣ A 6 2

Answer: Seven Spades or Seven No Trumps may be more difficult to bid with certainty, but the minor suit grand slam might well be reached as follows:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 H	1 S	No	2 H
No	3 D	No	4 C
No	4 D	No	7 D
No	No	No	

Once East has bid Two Hearts on the first round and created a game-forcing situation, he can afford to bid Four Clubs on the next round, a bid best calculated to give him additional information about the hand.

He ought to be able to rely on partner's spades being headed by the king. Once he is known to have at least ten cards in two suits all is well, for he should be able to discard either two clubs or one heart on the spades.

Books Received

RECENT NEW BOOKS include: *Arab Nationalism and British Imperialism*, by John Marlowe (Cresset, 30s.); *The Balfour Declaration*, by Leonard Stein (Valentine, Mitchell, £3 3s.); *The Correspondence of Edmund Burke, vol. III*, edited by George H. Guttridge (Cambridge, £4 4s.); *Dionysus in Paris: a Guide to Contemporary Theatre*, by Wallace Fowlie (Gollancz, 25s.); *Gilbert Harding*, by Roger Storey (Barrie and Rockliff, 15s.); *Irrational Man*, by William Barrett (Heinemann, 21s.); *Livy: his historical aims and methods*, by P. G. Walsh (Cambridge, 40s.); *Man of the World: my life on five continents*, by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. (Hutchinson, 30s.); *Musical Boxes*, by John E. T. Clark (Allen and Unwin, 42s.); *Narrative and Dramatic Sources of Shakespeare, vol. III*, edited by Professor Geoffrey Bullough (Routledge, £2 5s.); *Smaller Slang Dictionary*, by Eric Partridge (Routledge, 18s.); *The Tragedy of Apartheid*, by Norman Phillips (Allen and Unwin, 18s.).

Recent reprints include: *Five Heroic Plays*, edited by Bonamy Dobrée (Oxford World's Classics, 8s. 6d.); *The Longest Journey*, by E. M. Forster (World's Classics, 7s. 6d.); *The Novel and the Modern World*, by David Daiches (revised edition: Cambridge, 35s.); *The Red Badge of Courage*, by Stephen Crane (World's Classics, 8s. 6d.); *Shakespeare Criticism*, by S. T. Coleridge (Dent: Everyman's Library, 2 vols., 11s. 6d. each); *Studies in Mid-Victorian Imperialism*, by C. A. Bodelsen (Heinemann, 25s.).

Notes on Contributors

JOHN HALE (page 415): Lecturer in History, Oxford University, and Tutor at Jesus College; author of *England and the Italian Renaissance*; editor of *The Italian Journal of Samuel Rogers*

JOHN GRAY (page 417): Lecturer in Far Eastern History, School of Oriental and African Studies, London University

KARL BRITTON (page 423): Professor of Philosophy, King's College, Newcastle upon Tyne; Public Orator, Durham University; author of *John Stuart Mill: a study*, etc.

MARTIN ROBERTSON (page 425): Yates Professor of Classical Art and Archaeology, London University; author of *Greek Painting*, etc.

MICHAEL AYRTON (page 425): painter, sculptor, theatre designer, and illustrator; author of *British Drawings*, *Hogarth's Drawings*, *Tittivulus*, *Golden Sections*, etc.

NATHALIE SARRAUTE (page 428): French writer; author of *Tropismes*, *Portrait d'un inconnu*, *L'Ere du soupçon*, *Le Planetarium*, etc.

IAN RODGER (page 432): television and theatre critic; author of *Nine Flowers*, etc.

H. D. LEWIS (434): Professor of the History and Philosophy of Religion, London University; author of *Morals and Revelation*, *Our Experience of God*, etc.

RICHARD HOGGART (page 443): Senior Lecturer in English, Leicester University; author of *The Uses of Literacy*

G. R. ELTON (page 444): Lecturer in History, Cambridge University; author of *England*

under the Tudors, *Star Chamber Stories*, etc.; editor of *The Tudor Constitution. Documents and Commentary*

NORMAN ST. JOHN-STEVAS (page 445): on the staff of *The Economist*; formerly Assistant Lecturer in Law, London University; author of *Obscenity and the Law*, *Life, Death and the Law*, and *Walter Bagehot*

HENRY REED (page 445): poet and radio-dramatist; author of *A Map of Verona*, etc.

DOUGLAS CLEVERDON (page 446): Producer, Features Department, B.B.C.; used to be a bookseller and publisher in Bristol; editor of *Engravings of Eric Gill*

P. N. FURBANK (page 448): writer and critic; author of *Samuel Butler, 1835-1902*

ELIZABETH WISKEMANN (page 451): Montague Burton Professor of International Relations, Edinburgh University; author of *Czechs and Germans*, *Germany's Eastern Neighbours*, etc.

ROY JENKINS (page 453): M.P. (Labour) for the Stechford Division of Birmingham; author of *Mr. Balfour's Poodle*, *Sir Charles Dilke: a Victorian Tragedy*, etc.

ALEC ROBERTSON (page 453): Fellow of the Royal Academy of Music; Music Talks Producer, B.B.C., 1944-53; author of *Dvořák. How to Listen to Music*, etc.

MICHAEL FUTRELL (page 455): Lecturer in Slavonic Languages, Nottingham University

EDWARD LOCKSPEISER (page 463): critic and musicologist; author of *Debussy*, *French Musical Writing*, etc.

“Which?”

The March issue, based on independent tests and surveys, reports on baby pants, Book Clubs potato peelers moisture creams automatic defroster

“Which?”

is published monthly by the Consumers' Association, available on annual subscription only £1 to Box M, 14 Buckingham St., London, WC2

Save in Safety with The MAGNET Building Society

Share Investments

3 3/4 %

INCOME TAX PAID

Member of the Building Societies Association
Deposits in this Society are Trustee Investments

Brochure and Balance Sheet from:

Investment Department
THE MAGNET BUILDING SOCIETY
Magnet House, Paddington Green,
London, W.2.

Learn another LANGUAGE

FRENCH • GERMAN
ITALIAN • RUSSIAN
SPANISH

without toil!
the easy



ASSiMiL way

Assimilate the language and acquire the accent naturally by listening to lively everyday conversations on gramophone records with an illustrated textbook to guide you. The records are entirely in the language being studied. Ideal for the tourist and students of any age. Preliminary and Complete Courses from £6.35.0

For full details write to:
The Educational Director, ASSiMiL,
16 Farncombe, GODALMING, Surrey

WRITE TO SELL

once you KNOW-HOW
21 guineas—17 guineas—30 guineas—
25 guineas—these are just four editorial
cheques obtained by KNOW-HOW
beginners for their articles and stories.
You, also, can profit from . . . the ex-
clusive KNOW-HOW Blueprints . . . the
free subscription to THE WRITER . . . the
bonus gift of two practical writing en-
cyclopaedias . . . the No Sales-No Fees
training. Yes, you can benefit from the
years-proven KNOW-HOW Course
which shows you how to write what
editors buy.
By sending for the FREE (D.N.) "Know-How
Guide to Writing Success" (45th edition), one
new student has already gained 81 guineas.
Send now for your copy. There is no obligation.
B.A. SCHOOL OF SUCCESSFUL WRITING LTD.
124, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

Own a Chappell Piano



as used by
the leading
Colleges
of Music.

EXCHANGES
EASY PAYMENTS

Please write for Catalogue and address of
nearest Stockist.
THE CHAPPELL PIANO COMPANY LTD
50 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

ANSVAR

CHEAPER
INSURANCE
FOR
TOTAL
ABSTAINERS

For full details,
send off coupon now.

If you are a total abstainer
you can save money by insuring
with ANSVAR, because ANSVAR
insures abstainers only. Principal
benefits are: reduced premiums;
up to 50% 'no-claim' bonuses and
special discounts for members of
Temperance Groups on Motor
insurance.
policies available
Motor, Motor Cycle and Scooter,
Householder and Houseowner,
Caravan and Camping Equipment.

ANSVAR INSURANCE CO. LTD.
65, Cornhill, London, E.C.3.
I am a total abstainer. Please send full particulars of your policies.

NAME

ADDRESS

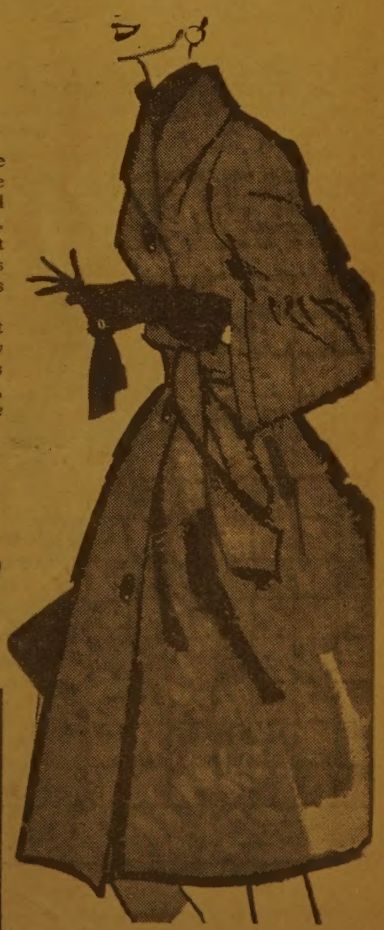
(Dept. TL3)

VERSATILE...

ORB-STAMPED HARRIS TWEED is the
tweed of many talents. It wears like
a charm, looks very expensive, and
is always acceptable in company.
Women who know, have at least
one coat or suit in their wardrobes
made from this traditionally famous
tweed.
The Orb Mark is your safeguard that
the tweed has been independently
inspected according to regulations
approved by the Board of Trade,
and that it is wholly produced in the
Islands of the Outer Hebrides.

So, always look for the
Orb Mark before you buy—

HARRIS
TWEED



Issued by The Harris Tweed Association Ltd.

ABOUT THE HOUSE



Festival Cake

To MAKE this cake you will need:

- 10 oz. of self-raising flour
- 8 oz. of butter
- 8 oz. of sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt
- 5 eggs

- 8 oz. of glacé cherries (cut in four and floured)
- 8 oz. of mixed peel
- 4 oz. of chopped walnuts
- 4 oz. of sweet almonds (blanched and chopped)
- 4 oz. of crystallized pineapple (cut in small pieces)
- juice and rind of a lemon
- almond essence

Pre-heat the oven, gas mark 2-3, electricity 300°-325°F. Line or oil the required tin or tins (either eight inches square or nine inches round, or two approximately eight-inch ring tins). Sift the flour and salt. Beat the butter and sugar, adding the lemon juice and rind. Add the eggs singly, and beat well. Fold in the flour and salt, re-sieved, and add the fruit and nuts. Lastly, add a few drops of almond essence, and mix well. Place the mixture in the chosen tin, and bake as follows: eight-inch square tin: 3½-4 hours, mark 3, 300°-325°F., reducing heat to mark 2, 275°F. after 1-1½ hours; eight-inch ring tins: 2 hours, mark 3 or 300°-325°F. for the first 45 minutes, reducing heat to mark 2, 275°-300°F. for the remainder of the time. Rack and cool.

Always check directions for baking with your own cooker chart. Look at the cake after 1-1½ hours, and if it is well risen, reduce heat as recommended. If using the larger nine-inch

round tin, the baking time will probably be nearer 3-3½ hours.

To make the butter icing take:

- 4 oz. of butter
- 12 oz. of icing sugar
- 4 tablespoons of rum, brandy, or sherry (made hot)

Make the icing by beating the icing sugar into the butter until it will take no more. Add the hot alcohol and the rest of the icing sugar alternately, until all is beaten in. Fully cover the cake and decorate in one of the following ways.

(1) With coconut: 1 lb. of coconut is needed to cover both ring cakes. Tint half the coconut (desiccated or shredded) pale yellow, by working some drops of saffron yellow colouring into it. Allow to dry for 1 hour before use.

(2) Having covered the cake with the butter icing, decorate with piping.

(3) To make it more like a Simnel cake: half fill the tin with cake mixture, cover with a round of marzipan and then the rest of the cake mixture. Bake as directed, allowing 20-25 minutes longer because of the marzipan. Decorate on top with marzipan and icing.

NORAH CARRICK

—B.B.C. Television Cookery Club

Flavouring with Chives

Chives are not a substitute for onions; their flavour is fresher and more delicate, and as this flavour gets lost when cooked for long, one can use chives only as a final addition to an otherwise finished hot dish.

Most people use chives in salads. I think they are specially good on the top of raw tomatoes left whole, but skinned and dressed with French dressing. They make a delicious garnish for soups, too, especially the white cream soups where the colour contrast looks attractive. The light, rather spring-oniony taste of chives goes particularly well with cheese and with eggs. Try a few sprinkled on top of a Welsh rarebit—after grilling, of course—or over a dish of hard-boiled eggs in cheese sauce, just before they are served. Chives go well with fish too, particularly the made-up kind of dishes like fish pie and kedgeree. Another way of using chives I find delicious is to stir a good spoonful into a pan of fried potatoes just before serving.

Chives are most obliging things to grow. They will flourish in a window-box or a pot. The plants die down in autumn, but the new growth is now showing through.

CHRISTINE CANTI

—'Woman's Hour' (Light Programme)

A Greek Recipe

Buy a leg of lamb and cut the meat down on to the bone, but not away from it, in about four or five pieces. Into each thick wedge of meat put a clove of garlic, then salt and pepper and, for that extra flavour, a sprinkling of rosemary. (Like many herbs nowadays rosemary is obtainable at most grocers, or sometimes at the butcher's, or even some chemists.) Cook the lamb with dripping in a shallow pan, in a moderate oven, for about twenty-five minutes per pound. About three-quarters of an hour before it should be ready, add sliced potatoes and tomatoes.

JUNE JAY

—'Shopping List' (Home Service)

Crossword No. 1,606.

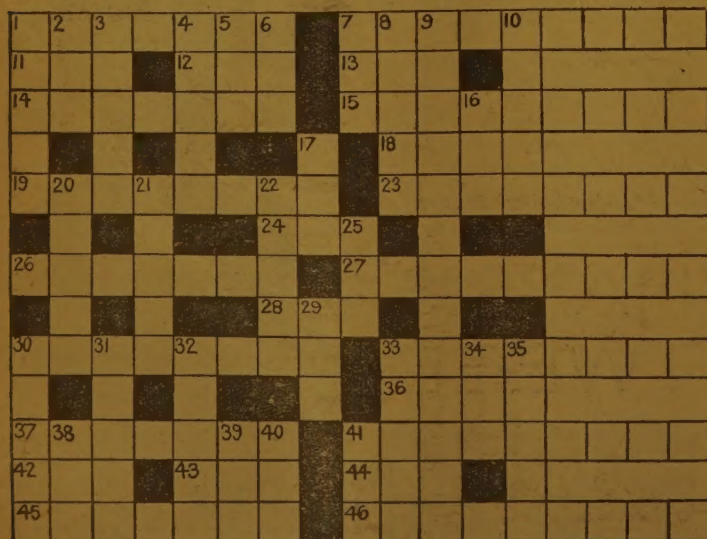
Tailpieces.

By Babs.

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, March 16. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crossword the Editor's decision is final

All the clues and answers are normal, except that the answers to the seven clues in italics are to be encoded before being written into the diagram. The code will become apparent from the seven answers which project on the right of the diagram. R = reversed; U = up



CLUES—ACROSS

1. Not much of a car, though you could get ten in it when it is moving fast (7)
7. Herring, for instance, but not turbot, nor even kippered herring (9)
11. By this one grasps the pitch, or the pitcher (3)
- 12R. The law of the cloister is the law of France (3)
13. Six months' pay for the minister's widow (3)
14. Religious pauper, not properly shrived (7)
15. A Greek gift; X marks the spot (5, 4)
- 18R. Half a gallon? You may need more (4)
19. An assembly of the people, though it seems uncertain which people (8)
23. Bird is in place behind the heel (8)
24. The garland of leisure? Not sure (3)
26. You might get bread with one meat ball, sir, first—the reverse of the usual order—with fish to follow (7)
27. Twisty acute ascent, leading to burn (9)
28. This is the interest of a church service (3)
30. You might even get bacon with one meat ball, Tovarich, or calf's udder (8)
33. Deep red stuff to start with, later almost loud (8)
36. There is at least one in each succeeding generation (4)
37. It's confused—try and hide (7)
41. It's water, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink (9)
42. Not any sound but the snore or the ruckus-moth (3)
- 43R. Left turn, and make it snappy! (3)
44. It's at the back of the raft (3)
45. 'Me liver turns red, bright red, so it does' (7)
46. Normally he is no longer as active as he might be (9)

DOWN

1. What's that? Lovely! Oh, in reverse? That would make it different; I should sound tired then (5)
2. Spoil Seira for a few short weeks (3)
3. The unattainable ideal? (5)
4. 'Where, twice a day, the purposeless, glad ocean comes and goes' (5)
5. Spells are O.K., I hear, to give you the bird. What a whopper! It can't be true (3)
6. Tricky pixy (3)
7. This is the rule, though it may be a bit of a shock to look back on (3)
- 8U. Do a back-circle round a French-Italian heretic (5)
9. Hidden trends of red runners, cut adrift (13)
- 10U. Edward's about the limit in clothes, that's recognised (5)
16. Do I exist? My Paris pen-pal might answer that (3)
17. Hail, Caesar! (3)
20. Give utterance on the Tyrolean 'mode' (5)
- 21U. Preferences, usually only found with their opposites (5)
- 22U. Surely there's a letter missing. That's hardly polite (5)
25. Diamonds broken-to give an informal air (3)
29. Propitiatory offering (3)
30. Stop the allowance (5)
- 31U. The conclusion that G.K.C. often came to—a lot of jealousy about nothing (5)
32. The three R's? Not so common now (5)
33. There's a sign saying that children aren't allowed in the restaurant; there's the rub (5)
34. Singular Scotch cereal—for adults only, it follows (3)
- 35U. Give the more modern equipment back to the Frenchman (5)
- 38U. The redness of complexion that comes from rude health (3)
- 39U. That's a penny first, for the stamp (3)
40. International resistance unit (3)
41. A.B. See? (3)

Solution of No. 1,604

IMPORTANT APPEAL
SHAMEFUL REVELRY
RELEVANT ADDRESS
INTREPID VAMPIRE
ENTIRE OBEDIENCE
PERPETUAL MOTION
DELUDE ALTRUIST
SOLID ATTENDANCE
HARDENED RECLUSE
DUTIFUL ASSEMBLY
TRAVELLERS ROUTE
CORONATION STONE
SOUND DEDUCTIONS
COMPETENT PROFIT
REVERED DEFENDER

1st prize: J. C. C. Leach (Sheffield 10); 2nd prize: J. B. Wilkinson (Hampton); 3rd prize: Miss M. D. Dodd (Loughton).

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

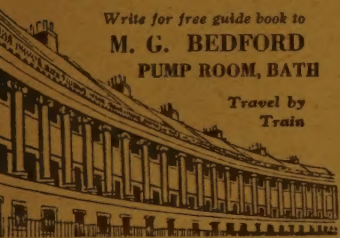
STAL TUITION FOR
G.C.E.

According to the number and choice of subjects and the level at which they are taken (Ordinary or Advanced) the General Certificate of Education can serve as (1) evidence of a sound general education. (2) the first step to a degree, and (3) the means of exemption from most professional preliminary exams. Wolsey Hall provides postal courses for G.C.E. exams. at reasonable fees, payable by instalments if desired. PROSPECTUS (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, C.B.E., LL.B., Director of Studies, Dept. FE51.

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

GEORGIAN BATH

A city rich in historic splendour. See the Roman Baths, Hot Springs and magnificent Pump Room and walk around the glorious Georgian streets and crescents. Delightful shops and every modern entertainment.



Surprise your friends!
Please your employer!
Raise your salary!

ABC SHORTHAND
at last
THE SENSATION FROM U.S.A. Speedwriting
100/120 w.p.m. easily secured
Money-back trial
Home-study course
3rd STAMP TO:-

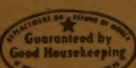
INSTITUTE OF SPEEDWRITING
153 Holland Road, London, W.14.

Here is a system that is real fun to learn at last; can be used at once; your longhand by phonetic code becomes shorthand. Used by Executive and Secretary alike

Failures at other shorthand succeed with Speedwriting

DAY & EVENING CLASSES IN LONDON

Taught by:
London County Council
Recommended by:
London School of Journalism



SPECIALISED POSTAL TUITION
for **UNIVERSITY, CIVIL SERVICE & PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS**

A Metropolitan College modern Postal Course is the most efficient, the most economical and the most convenient means of preparing for General Certificate of Education and Prelim. exams.; for B.A., B.Sc.(Econ.), LL.B., etc., external London University Degrees; for Civil Service, Local Government, and commercial exams.; for professional exams. in Law, Accountancy, Costing, Secretaryship and Personnel Management, for Dip. in Marketing, Inst. of Export, etc., exams. Many intensely practical (non-exam.) courses in business subjects. **MORE THAN 260,000 EXAM. SUCCESSSES** Guarantee of Coaching until Successful. Text-book Lending Library. Moderate fees payable by instalments.

Write today for prospectus, sent FREE on request, mentioning exam. or subjects in which interested to the Secretary (D11).

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE
ST. ALBANS

or call 30, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4

**Get Ahead—
Stay Ahead**

A Mayflower Postal GCE Course puts you ahead, quickly, economically. That means you are ahead all along the line—to promotion, university entrance, professional diplomas. So easy too. In the comfort and familiar surroundings of your own home you learn at your own speed; no tiresome lectures to attend, no travelling. You are taught expertly by qualified teachers; tuition is guaranteed, fees are low and you can pay as you learn.

Send today for FREE prospectus.

MAYFLOWER COLLEGE
DEPT. L6,
Masons Avenue, Croydon

**UNIVERSITY
CORRESPONDENCE
COLLEGE**

Students are prepared by postal lessons for:
LONDON UNIV. DEGREES
B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.(Econ.), LL.B., B.D., B.Mus. Help can be given for M.A., and there are Courses for the Post-Graduate Certificate in Education, and other Certificates.

**GENERAL CERTIFICATE
OF EDUCATION**

Ordinary and Advanced Levels; London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern Univs., and all other Boards Bar (Pts. I & II), and other exams. Private Study Courses given in Languages, Science Subjects, Sociology, Economics, &c.

The College, founded 1887, is an Educational Trust, with a staff of highly qualified Tutors. Reasonable fees; instalments. Textbook library. ● PROSPECTUS post free from Registrar,

56 Burlington House, Cambridge

Earn Money

SONGWRITING!

Tunes, lyrics urgently wanted for top stars of radio, TV, records. 50,000 new songs are bought every year. Interesting FREE booklet—"GOLDEN WORDS, GOLDEN TUNES" tells how you can write and sell.

Send 3d. stamp to Desk B

LINTON SCHOOL OF SONGWRITING
ROWLEDGE, FARNHAM, SURREY

Cut your electric heating costs by over One Third!

Pullin Plug-Stat

THE PLUG WITH THE BUILT-IN THERMOSTAT



- ★ Controls any type of electric heating appliance, carpet underlay, etc.
- ★ Simply connected in place of your 3-pin plug
- ★ Easy dial—just set to the room temperature you require
- ★ 5, 13 and 15 amp. models available from electrical shops and Electricity Service Centres
- ★ Tamper-proof, safe and guaranteed

ONLY 58/6

To: **R. B. PULLIN & CO. LTD.**
Great West Road, Brentford, Middlesex.
Please send me a free leaflet on the Pullin Plug-Stat.

Name.....

Address.....

**CHAMBERS'S
TWENTIETH
CENTURY
DICTIONARY**

incomparably the best for
Crosswords and Quizzes;
for your library shelf
and office desk;
reliable and up-to-date for
students

150,000 definitions

1,376 pages

Only 21s. net

Ask your bookseller to show you a copy

W. & R. CHAMBERS LTD.

GREECE and its islands

NOW is the time to make your reservations for
● Easter Cruises from Venice
● Isles of Greece Cruises from Piraeus
● Istanbul-Troy-Pergamum-Ephesus and Isles of Greece Cruises from Piraeus
● Pullman coach tours within Greece
● Weekly regular services, Venice-Ancona-Brindisi to Piraeus



CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR

OCEANWAYS STEAMSHIP AGENCY LTD

Dept. F/6, 23 Haymarket, London, S.W.1. Tel. TRAFalgar 6055-6

BEHIND THE DUNLOP SYMBOL



DISTRIBUTORS IN **140** COUNTRIES

100,000 EMPLOYEES

103 FACTORIES



£261 MILLION TURNOVER

90,000 ACRES OF RUBBER PLANTATIONS

20 RESEARCH LABORATORIES

This hut bearing the Dunlop sign stands on a South Pacific Island so isolated that a boat calls only once every three months. But communities everywhere demand Dunlop products and so even in this remote place there is a Dunlop distributor. This depot is one of many hundreds, small and large, covering the world. Recent years have seen such an expansion of Dunlop operations that today there are distributors in 140 countries, providing an increasing range of products and services. Wherever men build, mine, farm and travel, a Dunlop distributor is near at hand to supply their essential needs.

DUNLOP SYMBOL OF PROGRESS

CPH PR6 56